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CONTENTS.

I. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, with Portrait.
II. The Sure Casket.
III. Editorials.
IV. The Lounger.
V. Bohemian Walks and Talks.
VI. Sleigh-riding in Broadway, with a splendid Illustration.
VII. Skating, from a Lady's Point of View, with two Illustrations.
VIII. Literary.
IX. Domestic Intelligence.
X. Foreign News.
XI. The Launch of the Leviathan, with a magnificent Illustration.
XII. Roundelay of the Hoop.
XIII. Bulwer's Story, "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XIV. Anecdotes of Rachel.
XV. Miscellany.
XVI. The French Assassins, with three Illustrations.
XVII. A Woman's Question.
XVIII. Paddy and I.
XIX. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XX. Financial and Market Reports.
XXI. Comicalities.

SENATOR WILSON, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Hon. Henry Wilson, Senator in Congress from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose portrait we this week present to our readers, is emphatically a representative man of New England. Springing from that great fountain, The People, he has risen by his own exertions through every grade of useful toil, and has ever filled the measure of the expectations of those who have supported him.

His life is a noble commentary on our republican institutions. He was born on the 16th of February, 1812, at Farmington, New Hampshire. His parents were very poor; and as they had many children to support, he left his home, with their consent, when he was but ten years old, and apprenticed himself to a farmer in the neighborhood, with whom he remained until he was twenty-one years of age. At the end of his severe and laborious service of eleven years, he received as compensation therefor a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which he sold for eighty-four dollars.

During this apprenticeship he was allowed to attend school about one month in a year, on an average; but no sooner had he learned to read than his inclination for learning was strongly manifested, and he devoted his Sabbaths and evenings to reading. In that period he read more than seven hundred volumes of history and biography, most of which were selected for and loaned him by the wife of the Hon. N. Eastburn, a sister of that distinguished statesman and judge, the Hon. Levi Woodbury. To the judicious kindness of this accomplished lady, who early discovered his great talents, the future senator was indebted for the means of acquiring much solid knowledge, and of forming habits of study and of reflection which have largely contributed to his subsequent success.

Mr. Wilson, after attaining his majority, worked upon a farm for eight months, at nine dollars a month. Hoping to better his condition, in December, 1833, he quitted his native town, and with a pack upon his back, made his way to Natick, Massachusetts, his present residence. There he hired himself to a shoemaker, who agreed, in return for five months' service, to teach him the art and mystery of St. Crispin. At the end of six weeks Mr. Wilson bought his time of the shoemaker, and went to work on his own account, working with such diligence that the constant confinement injured his health, and compelled him, at the end of two years, to quit the bench.

In May, 1836, Mr. Wilson made a visit to Washington, and passed a month in regular attendance on the debates in Congress. Calhoun's "Incendiary Publications' Bill" was at this time before the Senate, and Pinckney's celebrated "Resolutions" were before the House of Representatives, producing discussions which excited the sectional pride of the attentive listener, and excited a desire on his part to oppose the politicians of the South on their most vulnerable point. Returning to the North, Mr. Wilson entered Stafford Academy, and afterward studied in the Academy at Wolfsboro', in which town he taught school in the winter of 1836–'7. In the spring he entered Concord Academy, where he remained six months, and during that time was chosen a delegate to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery State Convention, before which body he made his first public speech. In the autumn he returned to Wolfsboro' Academy, and at the close of the academic term went again to Natick, Massachusetts, where he taught school during the winter of 1837–'8.

In April, 1838, Mr. Wilson engaged in the shoe-manufacturing business at Natick, which he continued until 1848, making from 40,000 to 125,000 pairs of shoes annually. It was this that gave him the sobriquet of "the Natick cobbler," when, in 1840, he took the stump in favor of General Harrison. During that campaign he made upward of sixty speeches.

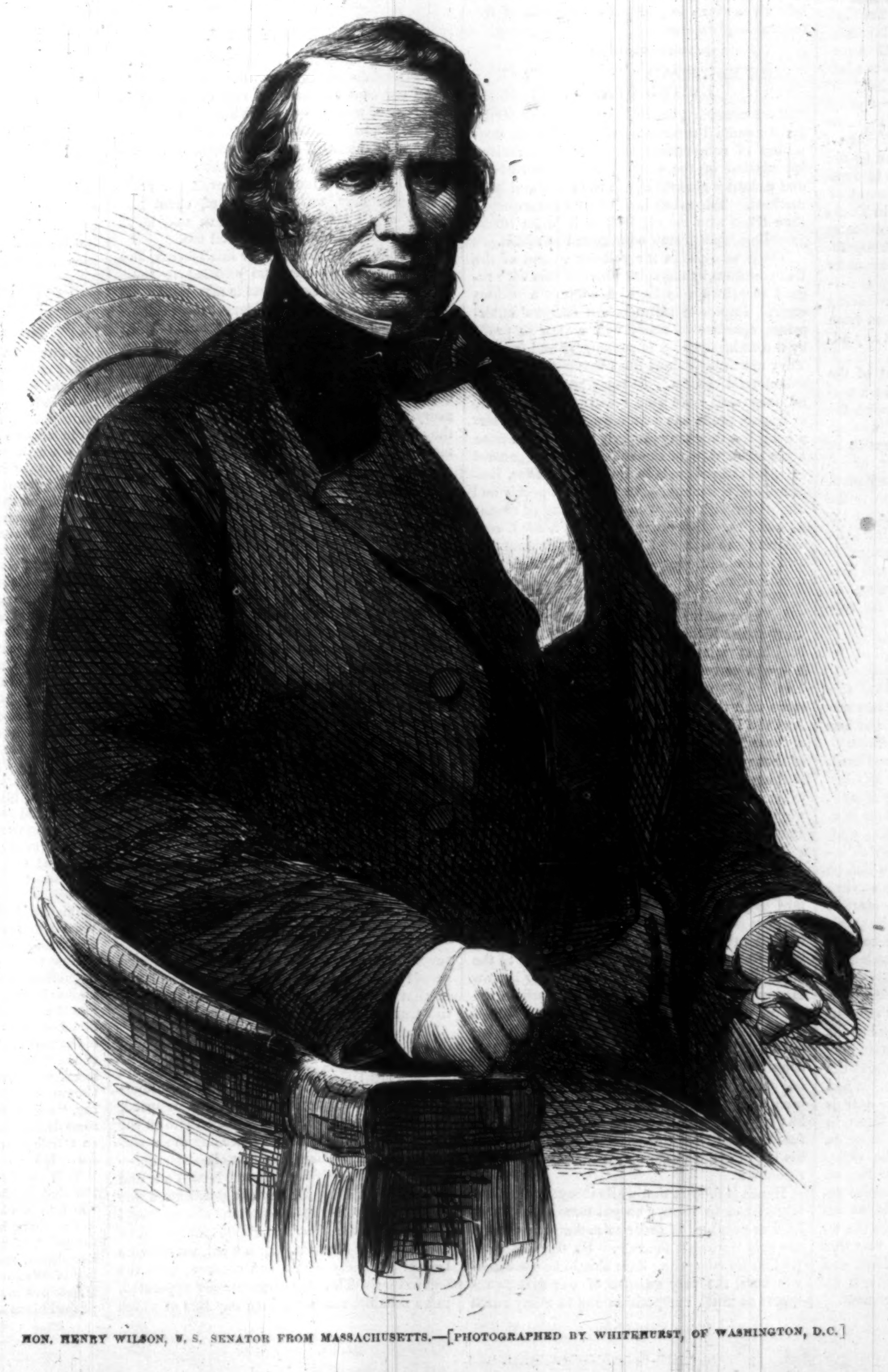
In 1840, and again in 1841, the town of Natick elected him its representative in the Legislature; and he was a member of the State Senate in 1843 and in 1844. In 1845 Mr. Wilson and a large portion of the Whigs of Massachusetts arrayed themselves in opposition to Messrs. Levi Lincoln, Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, and others, who favored the annexation of Texas; and since that time he has been the acknowledged leader of the successful Free-Soil movement in that State. From January, 1849, to January, 1851, he was (at a heavy personal loss) the editor and publisher of the organ of that movement, the Boston *Commonwealth*, taking a prominent part in the politics of the Northern States.

In 1850 Mr. Wilson was again elected to the State Senate by a large majority, and for two successive years he was chosen President of that body. When a State Constitutional Convention was called in 1853, he was not only elected a delegate from Natick, but from the distant town of Berlin; and the journal shows what an active part he took in the deliberations. Twice nominated as a candidate for Governor, he was defeated by the Whigs in 1853, and by the Americans in 1854. By the aid of the last-named party he was elected, in 1855, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to fill the vacancy in the U.S. Senate occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Everett, and has since taken a prominent part in the political questions of the day. His senatorial career has met the best expectations and warmest wishes of a large majority of the people of Massachusetts, whose views he represents.

In 1842 Mr. Wilson was elected Major of a uniformed regiment of artillery in the Massachusetts Militia, which he afterward commanded. Elected Brigadier-General in 1845, he for five years commanded his brigade at the encampments kept up in that Commonwealth, with marked ability, and is familiarly known as General Wilson. He is also a favorite lecturer with the Lyceum organizations of the Northern States, and is proverbially ready to contribute his talents, time, or money, or all of them, for the rational enjoyment of the public.

As a political orator Mr. Wilson has few equals. His retentive memory and quick intellect enable him to turn to effective use statements well calculated to incite the sectional pride of his hearers, to inspire them with confidence, and to invigorate and stimulate them to action. Although avowedly a party man, true to his political friends and to their principles, we believe him to be a firm friend of the American Union, with an abiding confidence in its permanency.

Personally, Mr. Wilson is an athletic, good-looking gentleman, quick in his movements, rapid in his conversation, and of the Anglo-Saxon type. Married in early life to a lady of amiable character and domestic disposition, and blessed with an intelligent son, he never appears to such advantage as at the social fireside. Of unbending integrity, strictly temperate habits, and generous disposition, he possesses the personal esteem of bitter political opponents, and the devoted affection of a host of friends.


HON. HENRY WILSON, U. S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, D.C.]

THE SURE CASKET.

I had a garment rare—
  A robe of cost;
I hoarded it with care
From sun, and dust, and air;
Lo! the moth marr'd it sore,
It charms the sight no more—
  'Tis lost!—'tis lost!

I had a ring of price—
  A wedge of gold—
But to their secret bed
The cancerous rust hath sped:
It hath made a fatal sweep—
It hath eaten broad and deep—
  Look! look! Behold!

I had a precious gem—
  A jewel lone;
Close in my bosom's core
That talisman I bore;
How shall the robber's eye
My life of life espy?—
  'Tis gone!—'tis gone!

Alas! poor, rifled heart,
  Burden'd with care—
What friend shall take thy part?
Who draw the envenom'd dart
  From thy despair?
List to yon music free!
Calleth it not to thee?
——Heaven hath a casket fair,
Where are no moth, nor rust,
Nor thief to mock thy trust;—
Heaven hath a casket sure,
Its treasures aye endure,
  Lay thine up—*there!*

DAY AND NIGHT.

Bright and bold, like a knight of old,
With a plume of snow and a shield of gold,
The beautiful, blue-eyed Day
Goes on his happy way,
Filling the world with light.
But Night, the stealthy Night,
Is a treacherous, dark Malay,
That dogs his victim's track,
And, while he is dreaming of peace,
Whips out his terrible creese,
And stabs him in the back!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 6, 1858.

THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMY BILL.

IT is unfortunate for Mr. Buchanan that he made the Army Bill an Administration measure. With so vital a matter as the Kansas admission to engineer, he would have acted prudently in not compromising his Administration on the minor question of the increase of the army. Under proper conditions, Congress could hardly have refused to sanction the employment of a sufficient number of volunteers to perform the service required; and why this would have been less satisfactory to the President than the addition of more companies to the existing regiments can not readily be perceived by those who are incredulous of future national filibusterism. As it is, Mr. Buchanan has greatly weakened his party, and damaged his prestige for the Lecompton fight.

We are not yet informed whether the Administration will consent to avail itself of the services of volunteers for the Utah expedition. There can be no doubt but both branches of Congress would cheerfully sanction the employment of four or five thousand volunteers for a couple of years to bring the refractory Mormons to terms. And if this be all that is desired of them, the President could hardly do better than make known his readiness to take volunteers, as he can not obtain regular troops. The former would certainly answer as well as the latter, so far as service in Utah is concerned.

It is possible, however, that it may not prove necessary even to raise volunteers. The latest advices from Kansas justify the belief that all the troops may be removed from thence by the first of the spring; and we notice that General Quitman has proposed to raise a regiment of mounted volunteers for frontier service in Texas —which step would liberate other United States troops now employed in that locality. Altogether, unless the Mormons should prove much more formidable adversaries than is generally anticipated, it is possible that the work of reducing them to order, or even of expelling them from the Territory might be achieved without any addition to the present standing army.

In view of party politics, the defeat of the Army Bill leaves the Administration in a trying position. It looks very much as though the "cohesive power of the public plunder" was exhausted. It is not usual for a President to be defeated so early in his Administration, or before his whole patronage has been distributed. The debate on the Message in relation to the arrest of General Walker and the vote on the Army Bill seem to render it highly desirable for the President to adopt some new measure, or suggest some new line of policy, which will have the effect of welding together the diverging elements of the party on which he relies for support.

ELECTIVE OFFICIALS.

The discussion, in the Legislature of this State, of the Metropolitan Police Act of last session, has led to a general inquiry as to the best mode of filling subordinate executive offices.

Under monarchical governments it need hardly be said that such offices are filled by appointment by the executive head of the department to which they belong. Kings appoint their ministers; each minister appoints his clerks; and, theoretically, if not practically, each *chef de bureau* organizes his office in the manner which he deems best calculated to insure effective service. In the freest countries of Europe the elective powers of the people are restricted to the selection of legislative officials and the supreme head of the executive, where that office is not hereditary.

In this country we began national life with a similar theory. The people elect the President and Vice-President; the President appoints his Cabinet and the entire staff of subordinate officials of the general government throughout the country. The people have no patronage. When they have chosen their President their duty is finished. Vacancies in the Supreme Court, in the highest grades of the Army and Navy, in the Post-office, in the Customs, in the diplomatic service, are all filled by the mandate of the elected Chief Magistrate. In practice respect is paid to the desire of the people, as expressed through their representatives, in the selection of officials; but the theory is, that that selection is made by the President alone, and that he alone is responsible to the people for the entire administration of the Government.

This was the original theory of Democratic Government in the United States. It is still in full force and vigor as far as the confederacy is concerned. But in several of the States innovations have latterly been introduced. In several States—among others, in New York—the idea prevailed some years since that the patronage of the people was too circumscribed. To enlarge it, a number of offices, which, according to the old theory of Democratic government, would have been filled by appointment by the Governor, were made elective. The people elected State officers. They went further, and elected judges. In some parts, as in this city, they went still further, and elected the most subordinate officials, as City Controller, Corporation Counsel, and a number of commissioners charged with the performance of various minor details of executive government. Had the plan been pursued much further we should have come to elect the very clerks and messengers in the public offices of city and State, and even the thousand policemen who are supposed to keep watch and ward over us.

But, latterly, doubts have arisen as to the wisdom of so wide-spread an elective system. Judged by its fruits, it has not been successful. In this State, for instance, neither the judges, nor the State officers, nor the city officials who have been elected by the people, have been so eminent or so popular as to vindicate the wisdom of the popular choice. And an opinion has lately gained ground that, if these various offices had been filled by a conscientious and high-minded Governor, in the case of the State, and by an honorable and respected Mayor, in the case of the City, the public business would have been better administered at less cost and with greater advantage to the community. In other words people are beginning to think that popular government does not consist in imposing on the people the duties of a chief magistrate, and that the sooner we retrace our steps the better.

It will be curious to watch how long it will take these views to penetrate the minds of the several Legislatures.

THE RAILROAD SYSTEM IN THE UNITED STATES.

The unusual plentifulness of money at the great financial centres, combined with the stagnation of commercial enterprise, has revived speculation in the leading railway securities, and caused a general rise in the stock and bond markets. The event is of greater consequence than those who merely look at it in its stock-gambling aspects may be disposed to admit.

Those who judge the railway system of the United States by the rules which obtain with regard to railways in Europe, commit a serious error. European railways are carriers' enterprises, constructed solely with a view to profit by the transportation of passengers and freight. They are usually short lines between important commercial centres. In some parts of Europe military roads have been constructed; in these, of course, profit has been a secondary consideration; but they may properly be excluded from a general review of the subject. As a general rule, all the railroads in England, France, Belgium, and Germany, have been built purely and altogether with a view to the earning of money as carriers. No other principle, indeed, considering the size and general development of European countries, could have justified their construction.

In the United States the case is widely different. Our country is so vast that we might almost annex Europe bodily and make a State of it without violating the laws of proportion. Our railways correspond; we have, in round numbers, 25,000 miles in operation—considerably more than there are in all the rest of the world. And the idea which prompted the construction of these 25,000 miles was not the mere making of money by the transportation of freight and passengers, but the development of immense tracts of productive country, which, without railways, could not have been opened to commerce, agriculture, and industry.

Those, therefore, who attempt to deduce from European experience rules for the guidance of American railroads in respect to tolls, rates of fare, expenses of working, cost of construction, expense of repairs, and so forth, must necessarily fall into grave errors. The great ruling idea of our roads is to sacrifice the road to the land; to build the road at any cost, to borrow money at any rate, to trust the stock to the tender mercies of Wall Street, and to submit to any depreciation of stock and bonds, but —to build the road. No prudent man in this country has invested in railway property without coupling the investment with a purchase of land along the road; nor, on the other hand, has any far-seeing proprietor of land ever refused to contribute according to the extent of his land for the purpose of running a railroad through it.

Hence it follows that while it is of the highest importance in Europe to put fares and tolls as high as possible, in order to make money, here the very reverse is the rule. So, there, it is vital that no competing lines should be constructed; here, the very essence of our system requires as much competition and as many roads as possible. There, bonds and preferred stocks are discredited, as being likely to damage the prospects of stock; here, dividends on stock being a minor consideration, no sound objection is made to the raising of money by mortgages or privileges when the enterprise requires it, and it can thus be best procured.

The revulsion of last fall narrowly missed doing the country a fatal injury by prematurely breaking down a number of the leading railways. How some of them escaped bankruptcy is indeed marvelous. Half a dozen great concerns saw their acceptances go to protest, and received legal notice that their property would be seized, or evaded the calamity by a timely assignment. Had the depression of last October continued till the present time it would have been out of the power of many of them to escape the fate of insolvent debtors. They would have been sold under the hammer, and railway enterprise in the United States would have received a shock from which it would not have recovered in a generation.

That misfortune has been averted by the accidental plethora of money which is now the leading feature of the financial world. In the absence of safe and profitable mercantile investments, capitalists are driven into the railway market for employment for their means, and the consequence is that nearly all the roads which were on the verge of bankruptcy a few months ago now bid fair to surmount their difficulties and regain a safe position. It is no slight gain to the country at large that such concerns as the Erie, Cleveland and Toledo, Michigan Central, Harlem, Illinois Central, etc., should be rescued from insolvency. When they fail, railroad enterprise—which is merely another term for the development of the country—will receive a fatal blow. As it is, they may now flourish long enough to justify further expenditures for the construction of new roads and the opening of new tracts of virgin soil to commerce and agriculture.

THE USURY LAW.

The Committee on Banks in the New York State Legislature have reported a bill fixing seven per cent. as the legal rate of interest on all loans of money, but abolishing the old forfeiture of principal in cases where a larger interest than the legal rate was stipulated. According to this bill, where a creditor has covenanted to receive more than seven per cent. the debtor may, on proof thereof, cheat him legally of all his interest, but can not, as at present, defraud him of his capital too.

We ought to be thankful for small favors, and the Committee is therefore entitled to some gratitude. At the same time it may not be out of place to remark that the Report has evidently been dictated by that rural sentiment which looks almost exclusively to bonds and mortgages on land, and hardly at all to loans on mercantile paper or securities. Our country neighbors, it is well known, refuse to repeal the usury laws, because they believe that were they abolished it would be impossible to borrow money on farm-lands under ten or twelve per cent. Without inquiring into the soundness of this belief, it may be suggested that it is quite possible to frame a compromise which shall be equally satisfactory to the landholders of the rural districts and the capitalists of the cities. It is not likely that the latter are desirous of lending their money on bond and mortgage on country property. They are but little addicted to that class of investments. What they want is to be protected against the dishonesty of persons who borrow money of them in Wall Street at the current rates of the day and afterward turn round, plead usury, and cheat them of principal and interest. A law declaring that money might be sold at its market value in Wall Street, but that it should not be lawful to exact more than seven per cent. on bond and mortgage on land, would be gladly accepted by the opponents of the usury laws: why should not such a law meet the views of the country members?

A DISGRACE TO THE COUNTRY.

It being determined that the Collins line of European steamers is defunct, the question arises —How is the steam transportation business between the United States and Europe to be transacted? And the only answer that can be made is, that it must fall into the hands of the Scottish Cunard Company.

There is an American company which owns two steamers plying between New York and Havre, the *Arago* and the *Fulton*. They are very fair steamers in their way, and very tolerably run and managed; but neither their speed, nor their size, nor their route place them in the first rank of ocean steamers. They are a second-rate line. There is a first-class steamer—the *Vanderbilt*—plying between New York and Southampton; but she can not constitute a line of steamers, and we presume that no one would pretend that the *Ariel* and *North Star* could be classed as her consorts. In a word, we have no line of steamers which can compete with the Cunarders. They are larger, better appointed, more reliable, and safer than any line of which the United States can boast, and the natural consequence is that they will monopolize the travel between this and Europe.

We have little sympathy to bestow on the Collins line. It was a poor enterprise, depending for support on an unjustifiable subvention from the Government, and so managed that it could not support itself without public pap. But we do think that it is a disgrace to this country that, with all the enterprise, and all the capital, and all the facilities which American ship-owners enjoy, the business of transporting freight and passengers across the Atlantic should be abandoned to foreigners. If, after all our brag and bluster, the British can beat us in steamers, we had best be a trifle more modest in proclaiming our national go-ahead capacity in future.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

Canton, it seems, has been successfully bombarded by the English and French. In a strategical point of view, the operation must be regarded as purely a foraging expedition; for it is not to be supposed that the loss of so distant a port will affect the policy of the Chinese Government, considering the disturbed state of the empire, and the notorious ignorance of the Chinese Emperor of what passes in the distant parts of his dominions. It is merely, on the one hand, a pull at the purses of the wealthy Cantonese, and on the other, a tub to the whale in England and France.

But it may fairly be presumed that this opening of the war will be followed by measures calculated to produce more decisive results. A great expedition against Pekin or the vicinity is understood to have been planned; and should no accident supervene, it may be expected that it will be undertaken so soon as the allies have been adequately refreshed by the plunder of Canton.

The belligerents seem to be much exercised by the helpless and neutral attitude of our minister, Mr. Reed, who is not only debarred from participation in their councils by the instructions of his government, but is effectually restrained from hostile intercourse with the Chinese by the impossibility of getting his ship near them. If, however, the Chinese have made proper reparation for their outrages upon our vessels—and it is believed they have—it is not easy to perceive any ground upon which we could justifiably go to war with them. Our European neighbors are facetious upon Mr. Reed's inaction in the midst of their bustle and activity; they may not have forgotten the fable of the fox who had lost his tail.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER BE-LOUNGERED.

A fortnight ago the Lounger said, "Does any reader of history, who knows men, suppose for a moment that George Washington, an English colonial military officer, at the age of twenty-two, a century ago, would have refused the challenge given under such circumstances as are related in the tenth chapter of 'The Virginians?'"

In view of the times, the probable character of Washington as a very young man, his military profession, and the theory of dueling universally entertained among soldiers, and in view, also, of all the facts of recognized, *published* history upon the point, Thackeray's account is both simple and natural. And yet the Lounger has now reason to believe that his judgment was not correct.

He has, indeed, received a letter intended to support it—but the support was of such a character as to beget in his mind a suspicion that he was wrong. The letter contains a story which, as it is likely enough to be heard of again, may as well be stated and corrected at once.

"Lord Fairfax and Colonel Washington," says the Lounger's correspondent, "were attentive to a lady. Fairfax challenged Washington; he accepted, and they exchanged shots, when an explanation ensued, and Fairfax admitted that he was in the wrong. Washington had the power to convince Fairfax of his error before they went upon the ground, but he preferred to exchange shots first."

This is the story; and the writer then proceeds to speak of the impossibility of getting it into history, and concludes that "we must rely on some other source than American history for history *and its noble teachings*." The "noble teachings," in his estimation, lying in the great truth that George Washington not only fought a duel, but a silly and unnecessary duel!

Now when Lord Fairfax first met Washington the nobleman was fifty-nine years old, and the Virginian sixteen. Fairfax, from the first to the last, was the particular friend of Washington; and the first great undertaking of the latter was the survey of the vast lands of Fairfax, in Virginia. It is one of the "noble teachings" of history that the descendant of the Lord Fairfax who conquered with Cromwell at Naseby "was," in the words of Irving, "one of Washington's earliest friends, and in some degree the founder of his fortunes." (See also an article upon "Greenway Court" in *Putnam* for June, 1857.)

Will the Lounger's friend, Marmion, U. S. A., put that in his pistol and fire it off into the story which he has been in the habit of believing?

But there is *unpublished* testimony directly to the point, of which Thackeray could have had no knowledge, and which is probably known to very few of Washington's countrymen. The Lounger is indebted to one of our most accurate and accomplished historical scholars for the perusal of an extract from a letter of George Mason's to Edmund Randolph, written in reply to one of Randolph's, after the difference between General Lee and Washington at the battle of Monmouth, and expressing an apprehension that a duel might be the result. Mason says that Randolph need have no fear—that he had known Washington from his boyhood to have had but one opinion of dueling: that it was essentially wrong, and no indication of moral courage.

It is a very interesting and important fact. Thackeray, of course, could have had no access to it; and no author can be reasonably required to know every thing that was ever said or written about a personage incidentally introduced into his story. As the case stands in published history and the probabilities of the case, Thackeray is right. But as the Lounger said before, "It is in the general tone of his portrait that the likeness lies." Let any reader candidly compare the young Washington of Thackeray's romance with the young Washington of Irving's biography, and decide if they are not essentially the same character.

SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

In Manilla and the West Indies, and in effete countries every where, a very favorite amusement is cock-fighting. "I have often seen a man in Manilla," said Henricus to the Lounger, within a few days, "hurry to save his game-cock from being run over, leaving his child to shift for himself."

The sport consists in tying steel spurs to the legs of the birds, putting them at each other in a ring—having previously betted heavily—and the one who strikes first kills his foe and wins the day, having also covered himself with *honor*. In this kind of business there is some reason, because the successful bird makes money for his master.

But why should our Congress, and the Army and Navy, keep game-cocks, and having put steel into their hands instead of upon their legs, and without betting, or any possible advantage to any body or thing except the undertaker and surgeon, "pit" them together to strike or fire?

Or, again, when two men in a bar-room, or a barber's shop, or a hall of representatives, or any other house of uncertain character, give each other the lie, or break each other's noses, or spit in each other's faces, and then, having slept, prayed, and made their wills, go out to complete the business by killing each other, why, in the name of manly courage and moral heroism, should any body talk about HONOR?

Honor in a cock-pit!

If a man spits in your face, and you fight a duel to show your courage, every sensible man in the world knows that you fight not because you are brave, but because you are such a miserable poltroon that you can not endure to hear nincompoops call you a coward. A duel is sheer cowardice. A man professes to be afraid of public opinion: he fears to pass for a coward—to be branded as showing the white feather. Who make the public opinion of which he stands in such fear? Who brand him? Who account him a coward? Are they generous, noble, heroic, sensible men who do so, or are they peppery and pop-cocky Sir Lucius O'Triggers?

There is not a solitary instance in history or human experience, of a man who has increased the respect with which he was regarded by honorable men and women by fighting a duel. The indignant and instinctive denial of the popular heart that Washington could ever have consented to a duel is the present evidence of it. The feeling with which the country has always pursued Aaron Burr is another proof of it. Can any honest, high-minded man put his hand upon his heart and say that he likes Hamilton better for having fought with Burr?

We may make all allowances of different times, different circumstances, different sentiments; but should we excuse profligacy in Lady Russell any the more readily because profligacy was fashionable in her time?

OUR POETS:

Namely, the Lounger's poets. He is happy to be the vent of such excellent verse as has been already passed through him into the public mind and memory.

Of such is the following:

TU MI DISTROYIN ANGLE.

O! hevins! how i palpurtate
at what ime going tu say
mi tremblin hans, es wel es wurds
mi felins wil Betra.
O mi hart, its ol a fire
now tis er lump uv ice
wun minnit its er whirlin roun
the next its in er Vice
O ladee dere, it isent fere
thet makes me trembel so
thet with er start makes this mi hart
like fevern ager go—
fur Sally, ol the agg onee
thet makes me fele so weke
Wus greddele horribler be fore
i maid mi mine tu speek.
Es birun sez—this hart uv mine
hez noun its sorror long
an now twill shurely burst, ef i
kant git Releaf in song
Sistur jerusha shes maid catnip tee
i kant no longur go it
nur speerits nuther in de spare
ive tuk tu bein poet—
jerusha wen the kittel biles
in orful angrish scremin
She takes the kivver orf an lets
the angrish out in stemein
So ime a kittel in luves flame
het tu a norful quivver
i shuld burst ol tu peces but
thet pootry is mi kivver
O Sally, wen i furst sor u
i wasent much effectid
it gru on me so graddily
it nevur war suspected
ontil i broke doun ol ter wunst
bi cupids dart shot thru
an ive ben dyin bi De grese
fur morne er munth er tu
O ladee fare it beint yer hare
nor nuther beit yor i's
Sepperately, but tween em buth
the charm so fatal lies
yer brow is hise er meetin house
and then sich pooty hare
an yer cumplexions like the sno
thets just cum doun is fare
tis yer perfexions unbenoun
that ol the Mis Chefe du
yer mines tu curcumspeck ! no
tu la the blame on tu
mi pride is groing les an les
like i sickles a thawin
while in mi hart a vipur is
a livin an a nawin.
Society hez lost its charms
ni go tu no nu shows
an fashions no account tu me
Si dont want no nu close
but dont let mi fate wurry u
u culdent help it i spose
ef u bee evver so pooty an gude
taint yer falt ez i nose
u culdent help looking swete
without consedderabel trubbel
an twuldent bee natterel not tu smile
morn fur sope suds not tu bubbel
i spare yer feelins ef i can
its ol mi falt i no
i shuld hez nipped it in the bud
insted uv lettin it gro
sums made fer luve & liv an muve
an brethe ol happinés
an uthers grin an bare it wile
they ar in grete distres
its natterel fur sum tu hev
jest evverythin they wishes
an if thay only ax for stuns
there sure tu git the fishes
i ax fur nuthin Sara—ol
you hez tu giv, youve guve
i dreme not ov requital now
i only ax tu luve
go an be happy Sara an
dont let er thot uv me
cum tu choke yu like er chip
thets got intu yer tee
but kepe a smilin—sumbuddy
may neel doun tu yur scrine
thet youlle like bettern yu like me
yer fatheful Valuntine

THE FITNESS OF THINGS.

There was a late election in the Legislature of this State for a Regent of the University. It is not, of course, a purely literary office; but properly to disburse the money and to direct the management of education, requires some literary knowledge and sympathy.

The name of a gentleman was proposed who is not only one of the most illustrious men of letters in America—loved and honored as a poet wherever his language is known, and a most accomplished and various scholar—but also a man of great practical experience, and shrewd knowledge of men and things; of the largest popular sympathies and profound political sagacity—a man whose simple name is an ornament of his State. It was as palpable and foregone a conclusion that he was as proper a person for the place, as it was seventy years ago that Washington was fit for President.

The Empire State did not choose to elect William Cullen Bryant one of its University Regents. But while it was refusing him, Massachusetts was calling her Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, to be one of the overseers of her University.

There *was* a difference, perhaps, between Lacedæmon and Athens.

POETRY.

TO THE PHARE PHLORENCE.

Composed while riding on an Omnibust. By Jehu, Jr.

O, PHAREST Phare! with that proud pyramid
Of phlounces, and small bunnit on the top;
Just tell us where these phashins is to stop,
If they go on as ne'er before they did?
"Phine pheathers make phine phowls," the addidge said;—
You are a bird—a trump!—Trumpet the shop
Where these phine things they phurnish. How *de trop*—
(*De tro*, the phrench say—meaning how dismayed)
You'd probably pheel, some very windy day,
If you're phine phixins happen'd to collapse—
The wind all out—them 'are tubes gone coflopse,
And all that phive pheet spread quite blow'd away!
A strange, strange life you lead!—just like a play—
A phunny pharce—whose curtain never drops.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

If any thoughtful reader will consider that the *Weekly* is published only once a week, and that the Lounger, at the most, fills only one side of it, he may arrive at the conclusion that if ten correspondents send him daily two or three closely written sheets of advice, inquiry, remonstrance, and flattery, it will be very hard for him to make room for it in type—even if he wishes to do so. How, then, if thirty and fifty do the same thing?

Notice, therefore, to the Correspondents of the Lounger.

You are expected to pack your wit and wisdom into one page of NOTE-POST *paper; else the Lounger's Letter-Box will prove to be a Black-Hole of Calcutta, in which you will all strangle each other.*

Dear correspondents, the Lounger will do the best he can with you this week, and don't be afraid that every thing is not carefully read and considered, for it is so. If Uncle Sam doesn't bring the letters, do you mean to swear at the Lounger?

—How could we better begin, to-day, than by a hearty benediction from the banks of the Mississippi?

> "Here's to the Lounger's good health and better acquentence in my best bumper of egg nog. More power to his elbow and magick pen! May he live to improve the present age by his Wisdom, wit, sincerity, and truth; and see his grate grate grand Children proffit by his virtious exampel."

The Lounger listens for an "Amen" from Katahdin to Sacramento.

—Miss Melinda Broadskirt, who has already opened the subject of smoking and spitting upon the Brooklyn ferry-boats, and in cars and steamers generally, now says, in personal explanation:

> "In your comments upon my first communication you confer upon me the matronly title of Mrs.—a distinction that I have not yet attained, however much it may be desired, and it may injure my future prospects to permit such an egregious error to be proclaimed to the world uncontradicted. I have the strongest evidence that I am just emerging from my sixteenth year, and withal a graduate of one of the numerous seminaries that are found located in almost every ward in this and adjacent city. I make no claim to either beauty or intelligence, but am possessed of sufficient of both to answer my purpose, and to satisfy any of these walking, puffing, biped locomotives that women have their rights, the sanctity of which must not be invaded; and though this is a free country, and the largest liberty awarded to all, yet men have no excuse for making 'smoke stacks' of themselves while enjoying the society of ladies, whether in the drawing-room or public conveyance."

The Lounger respectfully recommends to Miss Broadskirt to carry in her "reticule" (a word of great elegance and beauty) a package of envelopes of the Anti-Tobacco Society, and to hand one of them quietly to every sinner whom she catches in the very smoke. He will read upon it, among many choice observations, the following: "A SMOKY WORLD, THIS! *Bishops, doctors, deacons, lawyers smoke! Boys smoke! Little, ragged, dingy, thieving, swearing boys smoke! 'Father,' said an urchin, 'ain't you opposed to monopolies?' 'Yes.' 'Then get me a box of Havanas.'*" And again: "'*Can't I use tobacco, Sir* (or Miss Melinda Broadskirt), *if I please?' 'Oh yes, my friend; you can be a chewing, smoking, snuffing, spitting, disgusting mortal if you please. So can your little son!' 'Stand aside, my little boy, I want to pass.' 'Don't call me a "little boy," Sir, I have smoked and chewed these two years!'*"

Try a few envelopes, Miss Melinda, just a few!

—"I was at a card party the other evening, and, among others, there was a young man present who was quite an adept at card-playing, and I being quite the contrary, he took great pleasure in presenting me as an object of ridicule to the company."

So says William Packcard, asking advice, and requesting that "a young man" may be corrected. William, let us leave that to the lady. Women are more perceptive than men. If "a young man" shows himself to be no young gentleman, "a young lady" for whom you have "a particular esteem" (it is usually called *love*, William) will perceive it at once, and correct her opinion of him accordingly.

—"The Bug-epic" fails to enchant the Lounger. It begins:

"Heard ye the crash of the bed-bugs' bones?"

The Lounger must think his correspondent maligns the "circle of wits" which he describes as entertained by it.

—Rusticus describes the Diana of his dreams, to whom he can come no nearer than he can to the moon. "Devotion she appreciates to a certain extent," he says, "and gives a man admiration and esteem enough to make him in love with himself, but never shows the least desire to rival him in that affection." Rusticus, do you know the white mountain-laurel? Do you recall its form, lovelier than any in which art has wrought the most exquisite vases? Do you think how, in dog-days, it lies upon hot mountain-sides, like a thought of snow to distant eyes? Yet on the other side of the mountain—in the next county—in the next field, even, it will not grow, nor has science a spell subtle enough to compel it! Wreathe your brows with that laurel, and in the cold moonlight sing under your Diana's window that poem of Matthew Arnold's in which are these stanzas:

"She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

"Yet, oh that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we!
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love!

"Then will she weep—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men;
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering disdain."

—J. Madison says that he suffered a young lady, his cousin Sallie, to go to his writing-desk. Presently,

> "Having occasion to write a note, I looked for an envelope in which to place it, but lo! there was none to be found. What! no envelopes! Why it was only yesterday that I placed a pack of fine 'cream laid' in that very corner; but they are '*non est inventum*,' that's certain—and I must look elsewhere. While searching for one I discovered my missing pack, and I took one up for the purpose of directing it, but to my surprise it was directed to some one. I took up another; it seemed to be a duplicate of the former; another and another was examined until the whole pack had been looked through, but there was the same superscription on each, some written one way and some another. Curiosity led me to count them, and there were only twenty-four envelopes directed to the same person. Why were they so carelessly thrown aside? Simply because they did not exactly suit the fastidious taste of the young lady.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "But, jesting aside, it is not the envelopes themselves that annoy me so much; it is the fact that twenty-five were used for one letter when it required but one. A lady who is so extravagant in such small matters, it is but fair to presume will be equally so when more important matters are under consideration and the opportunity is afforded her of doing as she pleases."

Cousin Sallie's name is Legion. But let her understand that so is J. Madison's; and that every man who sees the extravagance of a young woman meditates over his bachelor cigar the probable amount of her married disbursements.

—A Subscriber says that on Valentine's Day

> "I found in my pigeon-hole to my address many sayings befitting the day, in which I was relentlessly made to remember that I am 'forty;' that my 'hair is turning gray;' that 'at *forty* one's cheeks will become furrowed:' that 'a cane is so becoming to one of *forty*;' that 'to one of forty a wife would prove an unspeakable blessing;' that 'we are commanded to protect the weak and *lonely*,' to 'multiply and replenish the earth,' etc., etc. And thus goaded to the quick, they seek to cast a ray of sunshine upon my almost forlorn hope by relating many happy marriages even at *forty*—and some have gone so far as to venture an offer, on conditions, however, that no mortal man can comply with."

But he adds that one note had awakened hope even in his aged heart. The handwriting was feminine, and he was sure that the portrait was self-drawn from life. Let us wish the bachelor well married!

> "A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have while performing the journey of life. She can smooth your linen and your brow; mend your pants and probably your manners. She can sweeten your moments as well as your tea and coffee. If she occasionally ruffles your temper, she often does the same to your *shirt bosom*. If she occasionally *sows* seeds of sorrow in your path, it is some consolation to find that she *sews your buttons on tightly*. *If you are too proud or too lazy* to dig your own potatoes, or chop your own wood, and are too penurious to have it done, she will do it for you. Her love for *her husband is such that she will do many hard things to please him*. When woman loves, remember it is *with a double-distilled devotedness*."

L'ENVOI.

"*Alarum: flourish: exeunt omnes.*" So sometimes end books, plays, and lives. But sometimes also "*Soft music: the scene changes*" is the glad direction. Such shall be the Lounger's ending to-day—passing the reader through music to his neighbor the Bohemian.

SONG FROM A NORTHERN SHORE.

The cold, gray sunset over lonely seas,
The granite coast that frowns upon the sand,
Are all that recompense me for the breeze—
The cruel breeze that bore her from the land!

Ere now she glides along through tropic airs,
Green islands, bathed in mist, before her pass,
Where each strange tree some golden fruitage bears,
And orange-flowers lie scattered on the grass.

Fair forms, rich odors, magic warbling birds,
Winds wafting sounds of spring-time glad and free,
Are meet for her as music for sweet words—
As meet as winter loneliness for me!

Will the spring come again? Will iron frost
Unlock his icy doors, and bid us live?
Will summer bring again the loved and lost,
And warmer seas once more my treasure give?

Wait, then, in hope, my heart! Be strong in love!
Nor listen to the promptings of despair;
But conquering rise thy selfish dreams above,
And *trust* the hours that bring her gladness there!

She will not thus forget thee; and when spring
Voices for brook and bird once more has brought,
Oh, voiceless heart! still mute, still worshiping,
May'st thou not find the words thou long hast sought?

Nightingale House. O. Law Ray.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

THE SUNDAY LAW.

Our present estimable Mayor, following the example of nearly all his predecessors, has attempted the enforcement of the ordinances against Sabbath-breaking in this city. I read in the daily papers that a number of policemen, commanded by a sergeant and supported by a corps of reporters, made a tour in Bowery and streets adjacent, looked in upon the German theatres, beer-shops, and concert-rooms, drank some beer, and marched home again—thus breaking the law that they were detailed to enforce. I opine that there would be no great difficulty in the way of enforcing this law in the city of New York. It is claimed that the majority of violators of it are Germans; but a German city—Frankfort, for example—is as quiet on Sunday as the Fifth Avenue. The difficulty here is with the police administration. The men should be detailed to shut up the theatres, and to keep them shut. But in the present condition of things between the Common Council and the Police Commissioners it is not probable that any thing will be done. In the mean time I see in my walks a new city springing up on the "East side." In this city there are all nations and tongues and peoples mingled together, speaking their own languages, practicing their own customs, and declining to assimilate with the American population. So far from assimilation, the most bitter hostility exists, and numerous collisions occur. The quiet of these streets is often broken by mobs pursuing some unfortunate foreigner, with shouts of "Kill him! kill him!" while the police are discussing the Kansas question over a quiet cigar. They can find more border ruffians in this city than in all that interesting Territory. On Sunday the tumults, disorders, and riots are doubled; drinking, swearing, and fighting are the chief amusements of the people. It is a disgrace to the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

That the Washington papers are published for the information of their readers. Their principal value is as soporifics for the clerks in the Departments.

That the Washington correspondents write what they believe, or believe what they write.

That the reports of Congressional proceedings by telegraph contain any reliable information as to what is done or said in either House.

That all the dramatic critics have grown rich through the contributions of artists.

That during Lent all the young ladies substitute sackcloth for crinoline.

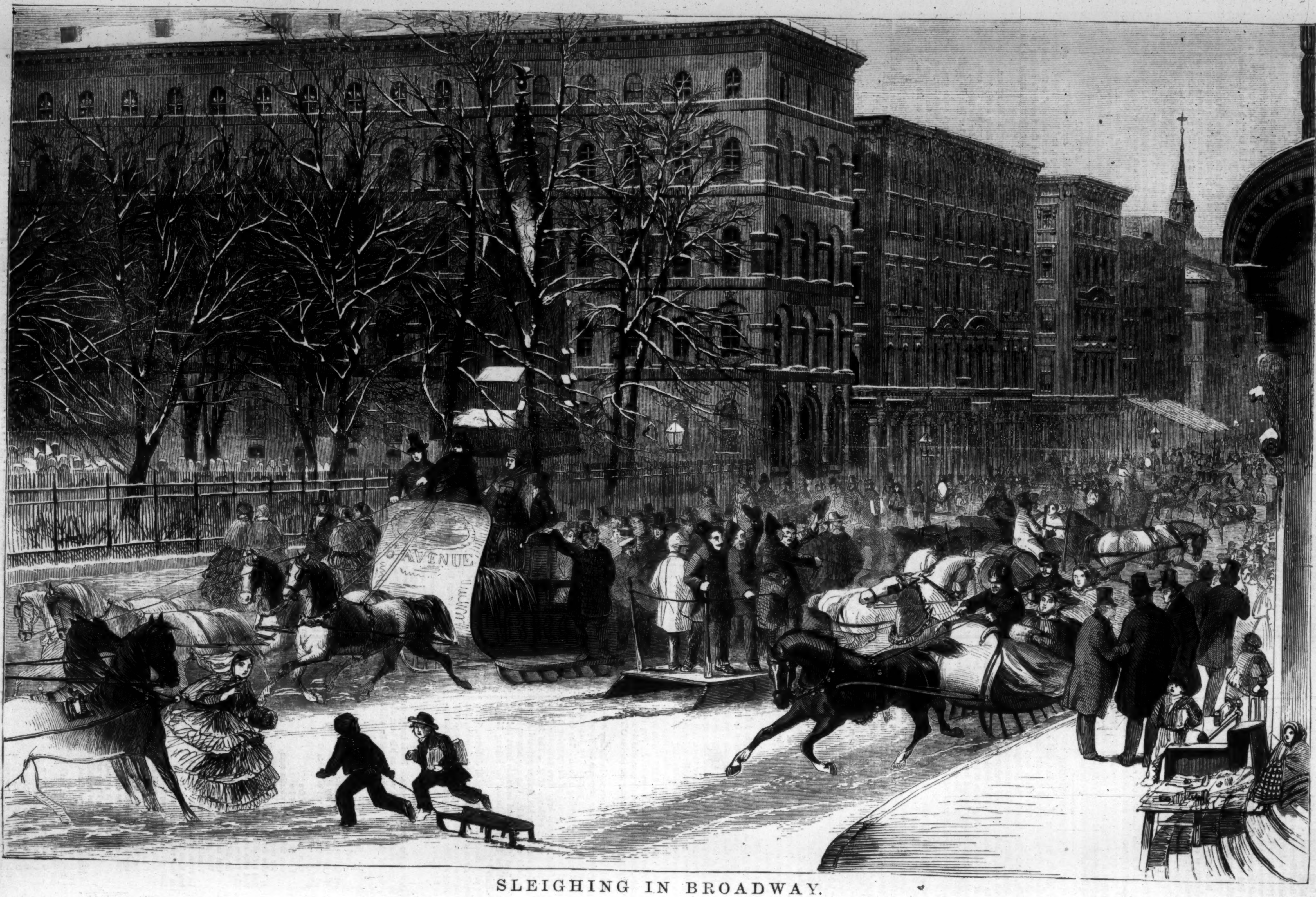
That the police force of this city is in such a high state of perfection that the President of the Commission deserves something handsome for his arduous labors in writing resolutions and receipting for his salary.

That the streets of the city are in "as good a condition as could be expected."

That "every body" has adopted the Balmoral petti-skirt.

That money is "so easy" that every body can get as much as he wants.

That the Ottoman Rear-Admiral intends to enrich all the New York ship-builders.



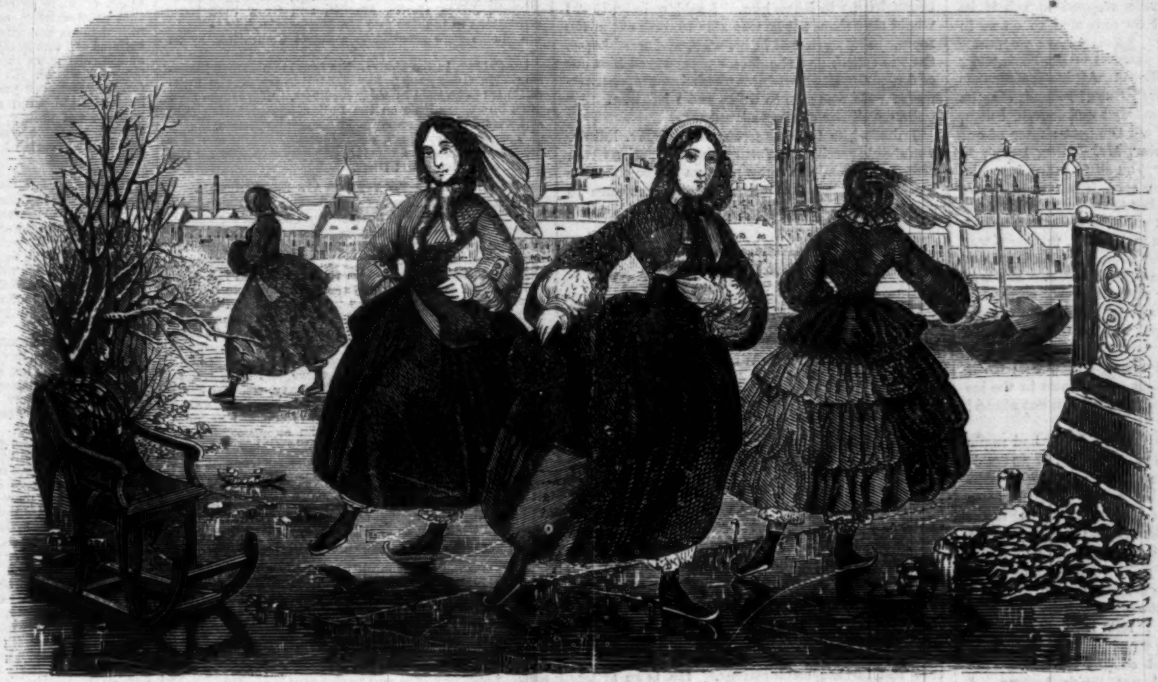
SLEIGHING IN BROADWAY.

SLEIGHING IN BROADWAY.

THE late fall of snow has exhibited Broadway in a new light. Sleighs have taken the place of wheeled vehicles, and the usual rattle of the great street has been diversified by the clang of bells and the creak of sleigh runners. Of late years, the winters have been so severe that sleighing in Broadway almost lost its charm by its long continuance; but this winter the mild weather lasted so long that there seemed a prospect that the omnibuses would retain their control of the thoroughfare till spring. Happily for the spirits of the Broadway promenaders, and for the prospects of the farmers, the late storm has re-established the uniformity of the seasons.

For the benefit of our country readers we may say that a Broadway sleigh is a long box, with a seat for the driver in front, and ledges running parallel to the runners for passengers to seat themselves. A Broadway sleigh is intended to carry twenty people; but such is its elasticity, and such the spirit of accommodation among the traveling public, that it has been known to receive eighty persons at once, and sixty is no uncommon cargo. A few obtain seats, the others stand—where they can; in cold weather the latter are the more fortunate of the two. There are no skins in the Broadway sleighs, and a long ride in one of them is apt to chill the blood.

Of an evening, in sleighing time, the juvenile portion of our people enjoy a sort of saturnalia. It is allowable to snow-ball every sleigh as it passes. The consequences are more agreeable to the snow-ballers than to the snow-balled. A heavy lump of snow and ice striking a lady in the face is not so pleasant to her as it may be to the playful urchin who launched it at a venture. Under such circumstances, however, the best thing that she can do is to wipe away the blood which the missile is apt to draw, and to congratulate herself upon living in a land of such unbounded liberty. When that amiable and lovely portion of our people to which Rodgers and O'Connell belong partake in this agreeable pastime, they usually put stones in their snow-balls; this makes them much surer as projectiles, and if they strike a lady in the face they may knock out her eye or maim her for life. The advantage of this novelty will at once be recognized. To complete the picture, we only need realize a policeman splitting his sides with laughter at the sight of a lady knocked down by one of these missiles—such, occasionally, is sleighing in New York.



SKATING IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

SKATING, FROM A LADY'S POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

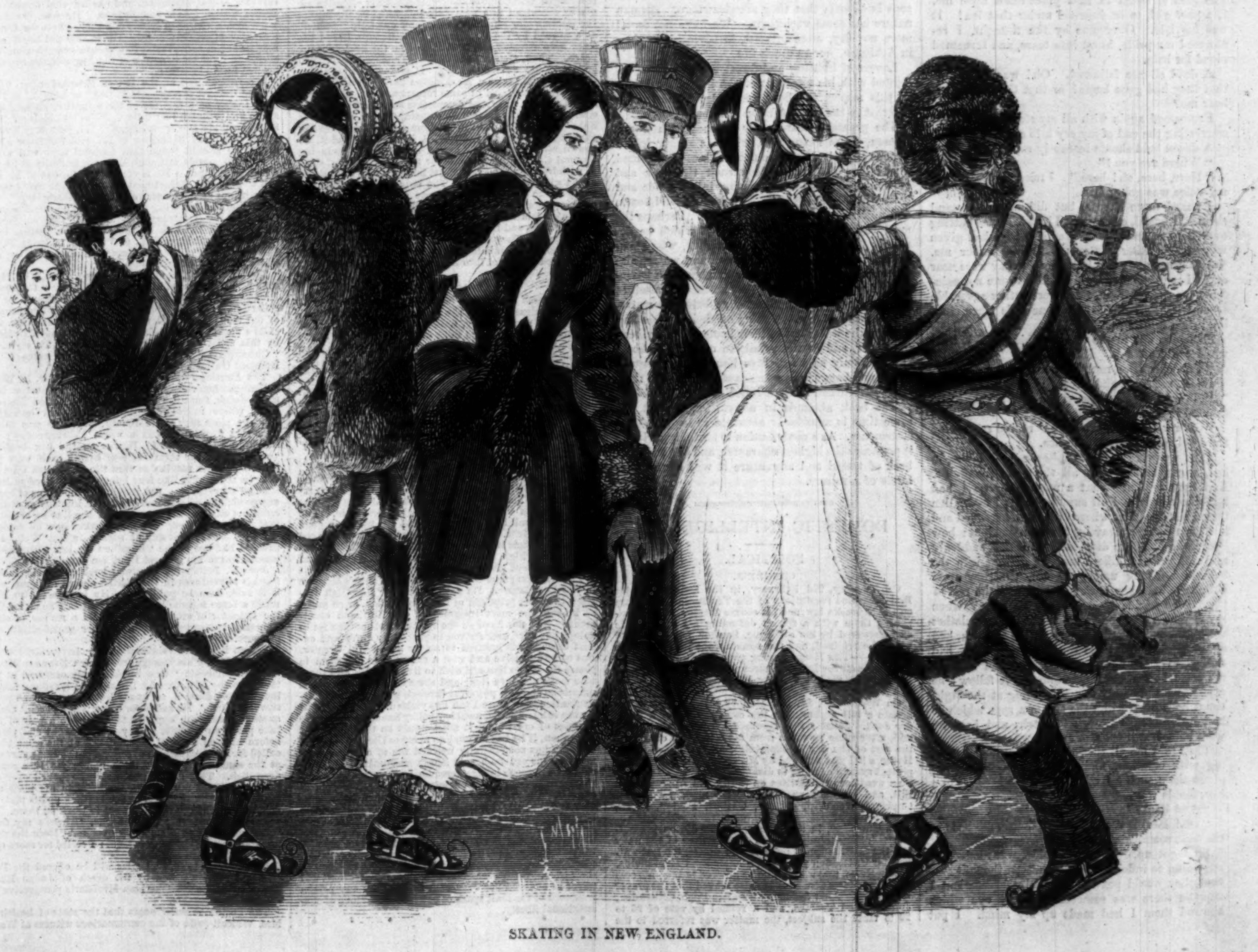
DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you be so kind as to have the inclosed picture—representing a recent scene on our pond near ——, Massachusetts—published in the next number of your *Weekly?* You may if you choose combine with it the other print which I send; *it* represents a skating scene in Northern Germany or Sweden, and is pretty enough, though the fair skaters, I flatter myself, suffer by the contrast with the girls of our village.

Between you and me (I hope you will not publish this paragraph) [Our fair correspondent must forgive us, but we could not think of mutilating her letter. —*Ed. H. W.*], Papa doesn't like skating. He thinks it is unladylike, and he says such awful things (I wouldn't repeat them for the world) about our going out at night with gentlemen. But as Emily says—Papa is behind the age; in his time (he is over sixty) there were no telegraphs or railroads; how can he understand the feelings of the present generation? Mind, Mr. Editor, don't you dare to think ill of my papa [We shouldn't think of such a thing.—*Ed. H. W.*]; he is a dear good old man; and when we give him his easy chair, and *Harper's Weekly*, and the sugar and hot water, and a lemon, and a bottle marked "Old Duquesne" (whatever that may be, I'm sure I don't know), he is quite happy, and only just groans a little to himself when he hears us go out at the front door.

So, as I was saying (did I say so? well, no matter, perhaps I didn't), a few days ago we had a grand party on the pond. I had made up with Paul on purpose (you must know that he left me sitting on a chair at Mrs. Timothy's ball a few days before while he danced with that stuck-up thing Jemima Bell—and it was very Christian-like of me to forgive him, wasn't it?) [Undoubtedly, and we recommend Paul not to repeat the offense.—*Ed. H. W.*]; and the Bells, and the Simpsons, and the Hudsons had agreed to go, and each girl was to have two gentlemen to wait upon her; oh! it was to be such a time! It was quite seven when we left home, and though Jim drove as fast as the mare would go, it was a quarter to eight by the time we arrived at the pond, as we had to stop for several things on the way. The moon was up, and it was almost as clear as day; the ice was smooth as glass, and it was just cold enough for one to hate to stand still—a clear, bright cold, which made the snow creak under your feet, and brought out the smoke from the chimneys in broad bold lines against the sky.

There was a great fuss about tying on our skates. Every gentleman wanted to fasten every lady's straps; such shoving and quarreling as went on among them—though for my part, what pleasure can be derived from having a wet, dirty, lady's boot in your lap, and twisting it about and handling it without gloves of a cold night, I can not see. However, they all seemed to like it, and I'm sure Paul took long enough to fasten my skates. I was 'most froze when he let go my foot (will you believe it, Mr. Editor, the impudent fellow actually kissed the toe of my boot as he put it down? Such nonsense!) [We do believe it, and our opinion of Paul improves.—*Ed. H. W.*], and then away we went.

Mary Hudson seized my hand and we dashed off together, taking the left and right alternately, then the in-turn, and winding up with two parallel figures of eight. The chill soon passed off, and I never enjoyed any thing so much in my life. I challenged any of the gentlemen to a race the



SKATING IN NEW ENGLAND.

whole length of the pond. About a dozen of us started.

Susan Bell—the little cheat—started first and got the lead, but we were soon after her, and I tell you, Mr. Editor, the ice creaked "some" under our flying skates. David Wynn, who was second, struck a branch or something, and went down, and poor Emily Bell, who was close behind him, went over him. We saw nothing but a cloud, and her poor feet sticking out of it. Then Paul, who, poor fellow! went out of his way to help her up, tripped and struck his head a terrible blow on the ice. I was sorry for him, and under other circumstances would have stopped to ask if he were hurt; but could I be expected to do so in the middle of the race? [Of course not; we entirely approve our correspondent's neglect of Mr. Paul, under the circumstances.—*Ed. H. W.*] After a few seconds of the race, Jim was first, Susan second, Martha Simpson and her brother third and fourth, I fifth, the others nowhere. I am the best skater of our village (you needn't sneer, Mr. Editor, I am; if you come down our way, you shall judge for yourself) [We should leave at once, if our engagements permitted; meanwhile we beg to state that we have not the least doubt of the fact stated by our correspondent. —*Ed. H. W.*]; so, as you may fancy, my blood was up. With a few vigorous efforts, I passed the two Simpsons, and was close behind Susan. She was flying over the ice; her skates scarcely seemed to touch it; and she is so strong. Still I made sure of passing her, and edged inward toward a bend which the pond makes.

Suddenly as I dashed along, I saw Jim draw up. The heels of his skates cut furrows in the ice an inch deep, and he shouted—"Look out ahead! The ice bends!"

Susan stopped short. Not so I. I had made my mind up to win the race, and, bend or no bend, on I went. In less time than you take to read this I was first, and had but a few yards to skate to win the race. Just as I passed them the moon slunk under a cloud. Directly afterward I heard a tremendous crack just behind me. The ice had given way. I was now safe. The others could not overtake me. Victory was mine.

At the instant these thoughts occurred the ice under me broke, and I felt myself suddenly plunged into very cold water. Instinctively I threw out my arms and caught the ice. This saved me. My feet did not touch bottom. I sustained my head above water; but every time I tried to raise myself upon the ice it broke.

For some moments I was too proud to call for help. It was my own fault. I had been duly warned. I fancied the girls jeering me for my foolhardiness. I realized my father gravely saying that he had known all along how it would end. So I tried again and again to work my way toward a solid place in the ice; but without the least success. Just as I fancied I was going to escape from my watery prison the ice broke, and I went under.

I was growing very cold. Strange thoughts of hungry fish came into my head, and clustered round twinges which I began to feel in my feet. The idea of death in that place burst upon me. I, a poor girl, to be drowned under that ice! It was horrible. Overcome by the thought, I renounced my pride, burst into tears, and screamed aloud for help.

A dead silence followed. Oh! was it possible that they had gone home? or that they could not hear me?

I screamed again with all my strength, the cold converting the end of my cry into a feeble chatter.

A dozen bold shouts instantly replied:

"Where are you?"

"Here, here, oh! here." I tried to scream, but my voice was going fast.

I heard more shouts, but did not understand them. I heard, or thought I heard, skates cutting over the ice, and splashes, as if the ice had given way under other skaters as it had under me. Voices rang in my ear, but whether they were near or far I could not tell. My feelings were not painful. On the contrary, they were rather agreeable—something similar to what one feels when sinking into a fainting fit.

Some one was in the water beside me. Who it was I could not say. But he said:

"Put your arms round my neck."

I had just sense and strength enough to do so.

"Now boys, haul away, for God's sake!" he shouted in a voice very like Paul's.

"Give way, there, like men!" roared some very stern voice in the dark distance.

Then we were in a farm-house, and I was in bed, warm again, with all the girls round me. And they told me what a narrow escape I had had; how they had all supposed that I had fallen through at the place where the ice first cracked and had been carried away by the undercurrent; how Paul, who had been disabled by his fall, suddenly revived, went on like a maniac, getting into the hole, and diving under the ice, till they were obliged to hold him back; how he and the rest of them were beside themselves with agony when my distant cry was heard; how Paul, whose clothes were stiff, and who was nearly frozen to death, had again started up at the sound of my voice, had dashed over the dangerous ice, and had reached me first; how brave cousin Jim (noble fellow! he always does precisely the right thing at the right time) had thrown him the end of a rope which he had just strength enough to catch; and how we were both drawn out stiff and senseless.

They told me all this, the sweet dear girls crying with emotion, and scolding me for having given them such a fright; and when I asked, in a low, feeble way,

"And Paul?"

"Oh! Paul is very ill—quite delirious—he is in the next room."

So I got up. The girls said I was mad—that any thing so indelicate could not be thought of—that they would put me to bed by force. But I suppose there was something in my eye which showed them I had made up my mind. I put on some dry clothes which the farmer's wife lent me, and I went straight into Paul's room. I felt awkward at first, being in the same room with a young man in bed; but, dear Mr. Editor, could I act otherwise? [Decidedly, we honor you for the act.—*Ed. H. W.*]

The doctor was there. He supposed I was Paul's sister.

"Be so good," said he, "as not to leave him till I return. He is in a very dangerous state. Apply the remedies which I have prescribed."

I obeyed. For three days and nights I never left him. My father and his friends came, and besought me to leave him. I said, quietly, that I would stay there till he was able to walk out of the room. Papa groaned in his way, and went home. On the fourth day the doctor pronounced him out of danger. His frost-bites yielded to proper treatment. He was able to walk, and I left him.

So ended our skating adventure.

I don't like to tell secrets; but if, Mr. Editor, you should receive any future communications from Mrs. Paul ——, you may perhaps notice that the handwriting bears a remarkable resemblance to that of

Yours truly,

CARRIE B——.

LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS publish this week their third great book of travels for the season. Barth was followed by Livingstone, and now we have Atkinson's ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA. The world is well-nigh explored.

Seated one afternoon on the slope of the Giant's Mountain, looking over the Black Sea and straining our eyes to see white sails in the distance, a friend said, "Where shall we go now to find something new?" and after a little thought we replied, "Let us go to Siberia, and endeavor to reach the Pacific Ocean through that desert that lies south of the Russian wastes and north of the Indian and Tartar possessions." The idea was never accomplished, but never abandoned, and had been the subject of discussion only a few days before Atkinson's work was announced.

He has not accomplished it fully, but he has seen those parts of Siberia which no traveler has before penetrated, and has opened the way for future and farther explorations. He is an artist, and wandered into those remote regions in search of subjects for his pencil. He brought away with him 560 sketches of scenery and people, of which we have about one-tenth here, and his admirable account with them.

Mr. Atkinson writes with exceeding simplicity and freshness of style. He is no book-maker. He tells his story precisely as he would if talking aloud, and hence it is a very enjoyable narrative. The character of his seven years' wanderings necessarily made them abound in incident. Under the special protection of the Emperor Nicholas, he was received in all circles and all houses, while his objects and his profession led him into close contact with life in every phase.

Men and women are not precisely the same persons in Siberia that they are elsewhere. Human nature has some variations. We have not found more novelty, more interest, in Livingstone than in Atkinson, nor as much fun.

Lovers of hunting and forest sports will be delighted with his accounts of the game of Siberia. In this respect the book resembles while it is a contrast to the great African Explorer's work.

The greatest bear-hunter he met with was a woman, Anna Petrornaia, who has singly killed sixteen bears! He drove deer with eagles trained like falcons. The eagle struck the deer and brought him down while tearing into his side and liver with her sharp bill. Now he shot wild boars, and now snipe, and now wild goats. Perhaps the most remarkable "day's shooting" which he describes is that of three of his friends, who being upset in their carriage while crossing water, and thoroughly soaked, sent their coachman on horseback for dry clothes while they amused themselves with snipe shooting, their guns being in waterproof cases and dry. Taking off their clothes and pouring the water out of their boots, they replaced the latter, and in the primitive costume of boots and hats only shot for three hours in a mosquito cover, and bagged some dozens of game before their servant returned to their relief.

The book abounds in adventure, and at the same time is manifestly accurate in geographical statements. As a contribution to useful knowledge it possesses the highest character, and as a readable book of travel and adventure it will have thousands of admirers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Tuesday, 22d February, in the Senate, Senator Bell presented resolutions of the Tennessee Legislature on the Nebraska law, and his course thereon, and accompanied them with a speech defending his course. He was answered by his colleague, Senator Johnson; after which he rejoined, and the Senate went into executive session.——The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Burroughs, Curry, Morris, and Andrews.

On Wednesday, Senator Mallory introduced into the Senate a bill authorizing the construction of a naval dry dock. Senator Bell resumed his personal defense, and, after some remarks from his colleague, consumed the rest of the day in explaining his course.——In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Campbell changing the present system of relief to disabled seamen. The House then went into Committee on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and speeches on Kansas were made by Messrs. Crawford, Goodwin, Millson, Chaffee, Fenton, Davis, and others.

On Thursday, in the Senate, Senator Mason presented resolutions inquiring as to the condition of the navy and the distribution of prize money during the last war. Senator Crittenden presented a letter from Mr. Shields, of Minnesota, praying that he be allowed to take his seat as United States Senator. He also moved that the prayer be granted. After debate by Senators Pugh, Crittenden, Johnson, and Toombs, and a refusal by vote of 26 to 22 to table the subject, the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee. An amended substitute for the Army Bill, proposed by Senator Johnson, and providing for the employment of 3000 volunteers, was rejected by 26 against 23. Senator Hunter proposed to add one regiment of dragoons and two of infantry to the army; this was amended by Senator Pugh, so as to read—3000 volunteers to serve as dragoons or infantry for two years, and was adopted by 27 against 25. The bill thus amended was put to the vote, and was lost by 16 to 35. Explanations were made by Senators Bell and Johnson, and the Senate adjourned to Monday.——In the House, Mr. Quitman reported a bill authorizing the employment of a regiment of mounted volunteers in Texas, and the employment of four additional regiments if they should be needed. The case of Mr. Matteson was then taken up, and after discussion, in which Messrs. Harris, Keitt, Seward, Stanton, Taylor, Giddings, Hughes, Smith, Nichols, Jones, Curtis, Morrill, and Grow took part, resolutions to inquire into Mr. Matteson's right to sit in the House were referred to a Select Committee by 93 to 87.

On Friday, in the House—the Senate not being in session—Mr. Grow gave notice of a bill to permit the United States to be sued by their creditors. The House then went into Committee on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and passed it, after remarks on Kansas by Messrs. Smith of Tennessee, Giddings, and Harris. A bill was also passed to enable the President to pay $408,000 for the abolition of the Sound Dues.

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

Much correspondence between the Government and the commanders of the Utah expedition has been published. A letter from the head-quarters of the army informs General Harney that "So well is the nature of this service appreciated, and so deeply are the honor and interests of the United States involved in its success, that the Government will hesitate at no expense to complete the efficiency of the little army, and insure health and comfort to it as far as attainable." He is told, "The prudence expected of you requires you to anticipate a resistance, general and organized, and to shape your movements as if it were certain, keeping the troops massed and in hand when approaching expected resistance." In a letter to Colonel Johnston, dated 23d of January, General Scott heartily approves of the Colonel's conduct, and unites his sympathy for the difficulties he (Johnston) so manfully conquered; also tendering an expression of his (Scott's) high appreciation of the noble energy, patience, and spirit displayed by the officers and men, adding that in this the War Department concurs. In another letter addressed to Colonel Johnston during the present month General Scott says that it is no longer probable that he will go to the Pacific coast, or that any expedition against or toward Utah will be dispatched from that side.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Investigating Committee into the alleged corruption of Congress by the manufacturers of Massachusetts continue to summon witnesses, but seem to gather but little information from them. Matteson and Horace Greeley have both been examined, but both proved perfect Know Nothings. Neither of them knew of the purchase of any member of Congress, or of the use of money in any shape to influence the votes of Congressmen. The Committee was baffled at every point.

THE KANSAS COMMITTEE.

At the last, as at the preceding meetings of the Kansas Committee, the old motions to send for persons and papers were made by Mr. Morrill, Mr. Walbridge, and Mr. Wade, but were voted down by a tie vote. Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, gave notice that, at the next meeting, he should propose a resolution to the effect that the Committee had all the information they needed, and should prepare a majority report.

THE DUELS AT WASHINGTON.

Washington has been in a dueling humor. No less than four "affairs of honor" have been on the *tapis* during the week. First, Colonel Sumner, who had an old grudge against General Harney, growing out of their professional relations, challenged him; the General handed the challenge to the Secretary of War, who is going to have Colonel Sumner tried by court-martial for the breach of discipline. Next, Lieutenant Rhind, of the Navy, who was "dropped" by the Navy Board in 1855, challenged Commander Boutwell for some offensive remarks contained in a pamphlet published by the latter; the Commander refused to fight, and was duly "posted" as a coward by the Lieutenant. Lieutenant Rhind has since been arrested and held to bail for the breach of the peace. Then, General Cullom, of Tennessee, was challenged by Mr. James B. Clay. It seems that both parties were drinking in a Washington bar-room when General Cullom, irritated at some remarks of Mr. Clay's, observed that he was "the degenerate son of an illustrious sire." Mr. Clay then called General Cullom a "d——d liar;" upon which General Cullom struck him. On the challenge being sent, Hon. W. S. Underwood and A. G. Brown offered to mediate, and succeeded in inducing General Cullom to apologize for the blow, and Mr. Clay to withdraw his remark. So this affair, like the others, ended without bloodshed. The only quarrel which has really led to a duel has been one between two cavalry officers—Lieutenants Bell and Williams. The cause of the quarrel is unknown; but the two parties met in a barber's shop, and Lieutenant Williams broke a cane over Bell's head. They met at Bladensburg; Bell fired and sent a ball through Williams's hat; whereupon the latter discharged his pistol into the snow. So ends the chapter of duels.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

The Kansas Legislature have adjourned. Their most important measure is for the removal of the seat of Government to a paper city, named Minneola, the bulk of the lots in which are said to be owned by members of the Legislature. An immense number of bills have been passed, but very little serious business done. Quiet prevails throughout the Territory. The Judges and Clerks of the election at Shawnee have been arrested, and they have testified under oath before the Investigating Committee that the poll book of Shawnee was taken to Westport and three hundred names added thereto in that place. J. J. Clarkson, Postmaster at Leavenworth, was burned in effigy on the 15th ult., and threats were made to hang him if caught.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S PROCLAMATION.

We have news from Salt Lake City to 25th December, by way of California, and from Camp Scott, the head-quarters of the military expedition, to 9th of January. The accounts from Camp Scott are highly favorable. The weather was mild for the season, and the troops in good health and spirits. The extemporaneous court organized by Judge Eckels in Green County had found bills of indictment for high treason against Brigham Young and other prominent Mormon leaders.

The Mormon paper contains Governor Young's Message to the Legislature. He says therein: "Has Utah violated the least principle of the Constitution, or so much as broken the most insignificant constitutional enactment? No; nor have we the most distant occasion for so doing, but have ever striven to peacefully enjoy and extend those rights granted to all by a merciful Creator. But so unobtrusive and wise a course does not seem to please those who live and wish to live by office, and those who make and love lies; and since those characters are numerous and also powerful through well-disciplined organization, and since Utah has yielded right after right for the sake of peace, until her policy has emboldened the enemies of our Union, it must needs be that President Buchanan, if he has ordered an army to Utah as reported—for he has not officially notified me of such a movement by his order—has at length succumbed, either of choice or through being overcome, to the cruel and nefarious counsels of those enemies, and is endeavoring to carry out a usurpation of power which of right belongs only to the people, by appointing civil officers known to be justly objectionable to freemen, and sending a so-called army under mere color of law to force those officers upon us at the point of the bayonet, and to form a nucleus for the collection and protection of every gambler, cut-throat, whoremaster, and scoundrel who may choose to follow in their train. Such a treasonable system of operations will never be endured nor even countenanced by any person possessed of the least spark of patriotism and love of constitutional liberty.

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THE MORMONS WILL RESIST TO THE LAST.

"Fully aware, as has been justly written, that 'patriotism does not consist in aiding government in every base or stupid act it may perform, but rather in paralyzing its power when it violates vested rights, affronts insulted justice, and assumes undelegated authority,' and knowing that the so-called army, reported to be on its way to Utah, was an undisguised mob, if not sent by the President of the United States, and if sent by him in the manner and for the purpose alleged in all the information permitted to reach us, was no less a mob, though in the latter event acting under color of law—upon learning its near approach, I issued, as in constitutional duty bound, a proclamation expressly forbidding all bodies of armed men, under whatsoever name or by whomsoever sent, to come within the bounds of this Territory. That so-called army, or, more strictly speaking, mob, refused to obey that proclamation, copies of which were officially furnished them, and prosecuted their march to the neighborhood of Forts Bridger and Supply (which were vacated and burned upon their approach), where it is said they intend to winter. Under these circumstances, I respectfully suggest that you take such measures as your enlightened judgment may dictate, to insure public tranquillity, and protect, preserve, and perpetuate inviolate those inalienable constitutional rights which have descended to us a rich legacy from our forefathers. * * *"

PERSONAL.

Hon. John K. Kane, Judge of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died about nine o'clock on 21st ult., at his residence, Fern Rock, on Green Lane Twenty-second Ward. He had been suffering for some days from a very severe attack of pneumonia, the fatal termination of which had been anticipated by all who attended him. John Kintzing Kane was born in Philadelphia about the year 1795. He was a son of John Kane, whose father emigrated from Ireland in the year 1756. His mother was a Miss Van Rensselaer, of New York. He was educated at Yale College, and then studied law in Philadelphia. In 1845 he was appointed, by Governor Shunk, Attorney-General of the State. This office he resigned in June, 1846, when, on the decease of Judge Randall of the United States District Court, President Polk appointed him to fill the vacancy. This office he continued to hold up to the time of his death.

Judge Kane was a gentleman of fine abilities, a good lawyer, and a learned Judge. He was also an accomplished belles-lettres scholar, and an adept in the graceful accomplishments of society. Few men of our acquaintance were more courtly in manner, or better calculated to impress upon the observer the idea of a perfect gentleman. Whether at the bar, on the bench, in political life, or in society, he never for an instant lost his self-possession, or was betrayed into a rude word or a display of temper. He was a member of various artistic and scientific societies, such as the Musical Fund Society, the Academy of the Fine Arts, and the American Philosophical Society, and exercised high influence in all of them. However men may have differed from him on political questions, there are none that will deny him the possession of most winning social qualities and of great firmness and tenacity of purpose in every thing that he undertook.

The *Times* says: "We regret to be called to record the death of Dr. Thomas M. Foote, editor of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, which event occurred on Saturday evening. Dr. Foote relinquished, many years ago, the medical for the editorial profession, of which it is not too much to say that he was one of the brightest ornaments. As an elegant, forcible, and pleasant writer he had few equals, and in personal intercourse his gentlemanly bearing was always agreeably conspicuous. Dr. Foote was appointed *Chargé* to New Granada in 1849 by General Taylor, and Minister to Austria by President Fillmore. Since his return from Europe his health had been poor, and some two or three years ago he disposed of his interest in his paper, with a view to retirement, but circumstances occurred which induced him to resume it. His age was not far from fifty.

Ex-President Comonfort of Mexico is said to be the son of an Englishman, who was a cotton manufacturer at Puebla, and who married a Spanish lady. The Washington *Union* says: "Comonfort was born in Puebla, received a liberal education, and has traveled extensively in the United States and Europe. He was, not many years ago, a visitor in New York City, where he formed a number of acquaintances. He is said not to resemble a Spaniard in appearance, having a fair complexion, blue eyes, and light hair—marks of the Anglo-Saxon blood inherited from his father."

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* says: "The present Cabinet is composed of 'men of weight,' as I noticed to-day on a register of the weight of visitors kept at the Smithsonian Institution. Howell Cobb is set down at 217½ pounds, Governor Brown at 177, Secretary Toucey at 166, Secretary Thompson at 147, and Governor Floyd at 129. I should judge that General Cass will weigh nearly 200 pounds, although he is not as fleshy as he was a few years since. He is very active for one of his age, and walks to the Department of State almost every morning without an overcoat, and with an elastic step."

We find the following notice in the Richmond papers: "Married, on Thursday, February 11, 1858, at Trinity Church, New Orleans, by the Right Rev. Bishop Polk, Philip P. Dandridge, Esq., of Virginia, to Betty Taylor Bliss, daughter of the late General Zachary Taylor, and widow of the late Major Bliss."

The little picture of the "Chess-players," by Meissenier, which was exhibited in the French Gallery in Broadway, has been purchased by Mr. Belmont for his collection. He paid $4000 for it. The painting consists of but two figures, and the canvas is not as large as a child's pocket-handkerchief. As Mr. Belmont's picture by this artist was not a good example of his style, the "Chess-players" will add greatly to the value of the Belmont Gallery.

The *Evening Post* has the following: "Rev. H. W. B., a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage-sleigh, from the dépôt in W—— (a New England town, where railroad communication then ended) to B——, a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks. But it didn't do the teams of horses any good; and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line he called up that particular driver (Sam), and asked how he came to drive his horses that day at such a rate. 'Well,' said Sam, 'I had one of the "boys" on the box with me—he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!'"

John M. Botts's (of Virginia) book of travels, including his adventures in the Sistine chapel at Rome, will, it is said, soon be published. He is reported to have made a large fortune by his tour. It is also stated that the Emperor of all the Russias held a review of sixty thousand troops for his special honor, gratification, and pleasure.

Parson Brownlow relates the following incident which occurred during his passage from New Orleans to Mobile on the steamboat: "One incident only occurred at the table, worthy of note. An ill-bred and low-flung fellow, indifferently dressed, sat at my left elbow—he had never traveled much. He called for some 'fried perch,' seeing another gentleman opposite to him have a pair of fine lake perch on a plate. They were brought and placed before him on a small dish. I had at the same time, called for a dish of stewed oysters, and the same servant, at the same time, placed them before me in a small, deep dish. This ill-mannered rascal reached over deliberately, lifted my oysters, set them in his plate and went to work on them. I as coolly lifted up his plate of fish, set them before me, and went to work on them. He remarked to me in an under-tone, 'Them's my fish.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and them's my oysters.' Here the matter ended, with this improvement: I called for more oysters, and he for more fish."

It is reported that Mr. Dallas will be offered the Federal judgeship vacated by the death of Judge Kane. This may make the American Minister's prospective recall less disagreeable.

The Boston *Traveler* hears that the state of health of Mrs. Wolcott (wife of the contumacious witness at Washington), is such that the news of her husband's imprisonment has not been communicated to her.

Dr. Rae, of Hamilton, Canada West, the celebrated Arctic traveler, a few days since accomplished the distance between Hamilton and Toronto, more than forty miles, in snow shoes, in about ten hours.

The Turkish Admiral Mohammed Pasha, so long expected in this country, was at the Naval Arsenal of Ferrol, in Spain, on the 30th of January, superintending the work of repairing the line-of-battle ship *Fethie*. This is given on the authority of the Madrid *España*, and it is presumed that his Highness will come over in the *Fethie*, which is a fine war-ship of the Turkish navy.

MUSICAL LEGISLATION.

The Maine Legislature has instituted the novel and very pleasant feature of morning concerts in Legislative session. The Kennebec *Journal* says:

"The veteran Messenger of the House, Mr. Thomas, of Newburgh, has a taste for music, and he has discovered an unusual amount and variety of musical talent among the members. This united talent has been brought out in a series of impromptu morning concerts before the hour of calling the House to order, until, at length, morning singing has become a regular institution in the Representatives' Hall, for the fifteen minutes before the Speaker takes his seat. At times the spirit of harmony becomes pervading, when the singing is specially marked by simple melody, and grave Senators, and members of the House in large numbers gather round the centre of the Hall and join the singing of familiar tunes in true Congregational style, and the music rises and floats and echoes through the Hall with fine effect. It partakes, at times, of a truly devotional character, and is regarded as a most acceptable exercise to all in attendance at the State House during the session, and highly satisfactory to strangers who happen to be present."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The proceedings in Parliament on 10th, 11th, and 12th ult. were unimportant. On the last day in the House of Commons, Sir George Grey, in response to inquiries, said that the evidence offered by the French Government of the complicity of Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and others, in Pierri's attempt on the Emperor's life, was insufficient to justify proceedings against those parties, and that the British Government had declined to interfere. Lord Palmerston explained that so far from Louis Napoleon having paid the legacy bequeathed by Napoleon the First to Cantillon for an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, an application for it had been rejected on the ground that the testator must have been in a state of mental aberration when he made the bequest. A part of the bequest was paid under the Bourbon *régime*. Lord Palmerston moved for leave to bring in his new India bill, to transfer the government of India from the India Company to the Crown. He explained that the bill proposed was confined to changes in the administration and organization of the Company, which it was intended should in future be centred in the Imperial Government. The alterations proposed were to be as little as was consistent with the object the government had in view, namely, to make the advisers of the Crown responsible for the government of India. It was proposed to abolish the Court of Directors, and in lieu thereof to establish a Council to be mainly composed of persons who had been in India, or who knew Indian affairs well—the Council to consist of eight persons, to go out in rotation every two years; the President of the Council would be appointed by the Government; the power of the President would not extend to matters of finance. In such matters the President would have the assistance of four councilors; the President would be one of the Secretaries of State, with a stipend accordingly. Palmerston further explained the provisions of the measure, and urged the House to consent to its introduction. Mr. T. Baring moved as an amendment that it is not at present expedient to legislate for the government of India. The matter was then debated at some length, but without arriving at any result.

THE BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF NAPOLEON.

In Parliament, Lord Palmerston has moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to conspiracy to murder, by making it felony. He said that the proposition was made in consequence of the recent attempt on the life of the Emperor. That attempt was the result of a conspiracy formed in England, and the consequence was that foreign nations had formed the opinion that Parliament ought to take some steps to remove, upon mere suspicion, aliens from Great Britain. The Government, however, had no intention to propose any such measure, although, under the circumstances, they were driven to consider the present state of the law with regard to conspiracy. He explained the appearance of the offensive address in the *Moniteur*, and the Emperor's regret for the same, and concluded by pointing out the necessity for the amendment on general grounds.

Mr. Kinglake moved a resolution in the shape of an amendment that the House, while anxious upon every proper occasion to consider any defect in the criminal Anglo-Saxon law, deem it inexpedient, in compliance with the demand contained in Count Walewski's dispatch, until further information has been afforded by the production of any communications between the two governments subsequent to the date of that dispatch. He declined to concur in altering the municipal law of the country upon the demand of any power whatever.

Several speeches were made against the proposed measure, including a very sarcastic one by Mr. Roebuck, when the debate was adjourned.

The following evening the debate was resumed, and after speeches by Lord John Russell, Disraeli, and others, in favor of leave being granted to bring in a bill, Lord Palmerston's motion was agreed to by a vote of 299 to 90.

THE RADICAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

In the course of a speech upon the subject Mr. Roebuck said:

"There have appeared in the pages of the *Moniteur* certain addresses to the Emperor of France from the French army; those addresses, naturally enough, express strong indignation at the attempt at violence on the person of the French Emperor. Now, Sir, if the expressions had rested there, I should have been the first to sympathize with, and give my cordial concurrence to, every sentiment therein expressed; but, Sir, from the French army there came accusations against England, as if England was participant in the attack made on the Emperor of the French; and now, Sir, I will state to the House the immediate object of my question: the *Moniteur* is not an ordinary paper. It is the gazette of the French Government. Every thing it utters is under the immediate inspiration of the Government. That Government is the Emperor; therefore I may say that what appeared in the paper of the *Moniteur* is, in fact, a reflex of the opinion of the Emperor of France. Now, Sir, in the *Moniteur* have appeared attacks on the English people, and one colonel, full I suppose of military ardor, that loyalty for reigning monarchs, which is a part of the army of France, asks the French Emperor to be led against that haunt—that den, that *repaire*—meaning England, and that is published in the pages of the *Moniteur*. That is the expression of the opinions of the French Emperor, and I wish now to state my opinions. The French Emperor is the person who directs against England the accusation of being a den of conspirators. Who could speak with greater knowledge than he? Has he not enjoyed the protection and hospitality of England? and has he not, when so enjoying our protection, acted the part of a conspirator? Did he not leave these shores armed with a great name—the great name of his predecessor—I mean the great Napoleon? Did he not, armed with that name, and a tame eagle, go to Boulogne, and there did he not attack the throne of King Philippe, and did he not murder a man, who, in the performance of his duty, opposed his landing? Is this the man who chooses to publish in the pages of the *Moniteur* accusations against England of being the haunt, the den wherein conspiracies are hatched, and ought, therefore, to be the object of invasion of an infuriate soldiery? It is not confined to that. The brother of the Emperor of France, M. de Morny, has chosen, in the Legislative Chamber of that nation, to accuse England of being participant in this; and not only he, but Count de Persigny, here in England, in the presence of Englishmen, has dared to make the same accusation. Ay, Sir, and in the presence of Englishmen he has not been answered. The only reason I can make for such a proceeding is, that the persons who heard him did not understand French. [Laughter.] I can not believe that any Englishman could hear his country so libeled, no matter by whom, without an answer to the accusation."

WHAT THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT WANT.

A dispatch from the French Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Embassador of France in London, respecting the refugees, is couched in moderate language. After referring to various designs which have been concocted in London, and the facilities afforded for further guilty enterprises, the dispatch concludes as follows: "The Government of Her Britannic Majesty can assist us in averting danger by giving us a guarantee of security, which no State can refuse to a neighboring State, and which we are authorized in expecting from our ally. Full of confidence, moreover, in the exalted reason of the English Cabinet, we abstain from all indication as regards measures which it may be suitable to take to satisfy this wish. We rely in this matter entirely upon the English Cabinet for the care of appreciating decisions, which they shall judge most proper to lead to this end, and we congratulate ourselves in the firm persuasion that we shall not have appealed in vain to their conscience and loyalty."

WHAT THE PRINCESS ROYAL THINKS OF HERSELF.

The correspondent of the Dublin *Express* writes: "Last week the Prince was unmistakably shy, and was literally pulled forward by the then Princess Royal. He looks a frank, well-made, handsome man—nothing of the German type about him—more, I should say, of the Scandinavian type; light hair and blue eyes, and a good nose and mouth. His portraits do him but scant justice. The Princess has her mother's forehead and mouth, the lips of the latter a little more pouting, and the nose an exaggeration of the Queen's—not in length, but in breadth and *retroussenesss*. It is at once the most impudently bewitching nose to be beheld in woman. Of her own personal charms the Princess holds but a very poor opinion. Just before starting for the wedding last Monday, her portrait was photographed by order of the Queen. If ever a young girl looks well it is in her wedding dress. The Queen approved highly of the portrait, but the Princess, looking over her mother's shoulder, said, 'Ah well, I dare say it is very like, but you can never make any thing else of me than a white nigger.' I am assured by a by-stander that these were the very words used."

HOW SHE BEHAVED AT THE MARRIAGE.

He adds: "At the marriage she displayed none of that emotion so feelingly described by the *Times* correspondent; on the contrary, the emotion was altogether upon the part of her mother, her sister, the Princess Alice, and the bridesmaids, who had been her friends from childhood. She was perfectly collected as she walked up the aisle, and, turning to one of her bridesmaids, who accidentally trod on her vail, said: 'C., my dear C., do not tread upon my lace; I do not like my lace trodden upon?' On the morning of the marriage the Palace was in as great confusion as any private house upon such occasions."

THE NEW INDIAN LOAN.

The London *Times* says: "Although authority is to be taken by the East India Company for raising £10,000,000, it appears that the actual deficiency for the year ending April, 1856, is estimated to be limited to seven or eight millions. Whether the £8,000,000 is to be borrowed at once, or in amounts from time to time, has not transpired; but it includes one million pounds to be repaid to the Bank, £1,000,000 to be available as a cash balance, and £653,900 for bonds on which advances have been obtained, or for which the holders have notified they will require to be paid off.

LORD SHAFTESBURY RETRACTS.

The opinion is gaining ground in England that the stories of Indian cruelties, which were so current some time since were, if not generally false, at least greatly exaggerated. Lord Shaftesbury (in a letter to the *Times*) explains his statement as to cruelties in India: "Some time before I made the speech, I had heard from a person in whom I had entire confidence, that there was a letter 'from the highest lady now in India, describing that day by day ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off and their eyes put out.' In the heat of speaking I made reference to that statement. The disclaimer published by your correspondent, 'A Lover of Accuracy' (which I now hear for the first time), is sufficient to prove that my informant was in error; and considering the delicacy of the evidence, I should, I confess, have acted more wisely had I not used it."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW EXPEDITION.

A dinner has been given to Livingstone, the African traveler, on the occasion of his departure from England for a fresh expedition into the interior of Africa. He is furnished with all requisite assistance from the British government to push his discoveries to a still more successful conclusion than heretofore. A sum of £5000 has been assigned to him for the prosecution of his enterprise. He is to be accompanied by competent assistants, and, in short, every thing appears to have been done which can help him on his way. Dr. Livingstone is to proceed, in the first instance, to the Cape of Good Hope. From that point he and his companions will be conveyed in a Government vessel to the mouth of the River Zambese, and even there the watchfulness of the British Government over the travelers is not withdrawn. Dr. Livingstone and his companions are to be conveyed 300 miles up the river in a steam-launch, and not until they have been landed in safety at a point so far onward in the vast continent which they are about to explore will they be left to themselves. The adventurous spirit which inspires such an enterprise as this will surely meet with the heartiest sympathy in England, and, we doubt not, many persons will be present to bid farewell to Livingstone, the African traveler, and bid him "God speed." May he in due course return again to receive, in the admiration and respect of his countrymen, a due reward!

FRANCE.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES.

Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, has resigned, and will be succeeded by General Neil. Count Walewski will probably resign the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and go to London as Embassador. Count Persigny has returned to Paris to take his seat in the new Privy Council. The new Foreign Minister will probably be Drouyn de 'l Huys. De Rayneville's death leaves a vacancy for the Embassy to Prussia. General Pelissier, it was expected, would be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in Paris, in place of Marshal Magnan, who is spoken of as Embassador to Russia.

ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN DUNHAM.

The following letter from Captain Dunham appears in a foreign paper:

"Spezzia, *January* 20, 1858.

"We arrived here on the 18th from Marseilles, after giving the Frenchmen the slip. I went on board the *Adriatic* at 9 o'clock in the evening of our departure, and, with four men, bent the topsails, then hauled out through the ships down to the mouth of the harbor, and made sail. Before daylight we were out of sight of the city. I was obliged to slip both anchors, and put to sea without them. It was a pretty good night's work, considering the circumstances. I am now safe in regard of being seized by the French authorities, as they can not take me here. The Sardinian Government will not allow me to land, and as I can not get anchors I shall have to come on without them. The United States store-keeper here has furnished me with stores enough to reach the United States. I don't know what sort of a scrape I shall have next. J. B. Dunham."

APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL ESPINASSE AS MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

General Espinasse has been appointed Minister of the Interior in the room of M. Billault. The correspondent of the London *Times* remarks upon the subject:

"The appointment is said to have been very suddenly resolved upon; at least it was kept a profound secret till the last moment, and we may well believe that the Ministers themselves, of whom General Espinasse is now the colleague, suspected it as little as the public, and that they have been taken quite as much by surprise. It was at a dinner given by the General to a number of general officers yesterday that the fact was first made known. He was sent for by the Emperor at four o'clock. The audience was long, and the guests were kept waiting considerably beyond the hour of dinner. Public curiosity had been much excited as to the successor of M. Billault. It was the chief topic of conversation with the guests, and when the General made his appearance among them it was concluded that he knew the solution, though none imagined that he was personally interested in it. He was of course asked the news, and he then and there announced that he, General Espinasse, was the successor of M. Billault! The announcement was at first received with incredulity, and, when there no longer appeared any doubt, with great surprise. A personage of high military rank, indeed among the highest, stated yesterday afternoon as positive that M. de Persigny was to be the new Minister. Apparently he was not in the secret.

"I can not say that the effect of this nomination is satisfactory. It is rather the contrary. The conjectures and apprehensions expressed by many people may be exaggerated, but it is certain that the impression is far from favorable. This is, I believe, the first time since any thing like a constitutional system has prevailed in France, that a Minister of the Interior has been taken from the army."

THE LATEST ABOUT THE MEDIUM HUME.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The fashionable world continues its support to our medium Hume. His *prestige*, however, has somewhat diminished with time, and we hear no more of his feats at the Tuileries. He is none the less, however, a mystery and a wonder to many aristocratic circles, where one would look for more intelligence and discernment. On account of the truths which he taught a distinguished lady, until then a skeptic on the immortality of the soul, the lady, just dead, has bequeathed the celebrated medium an annual sum of twelve hundred dollars. Until the arrival of Hume in Paris this lady had remained an obstinate skeptic; she saw the performances of the accomplished trickster; he brought before her the ghost of one of her dead relatives; she touched it, believed, and soon after died, leaving the sum just mentioned as an acknowledgment for the saving of her own place in the other world. A small recompense for so great a service, and that service the most sublime of charlatanry! But the fact is authenticated as regards the legacy.

"Hume continues his game of not appearing in public, of not being seen even in public; in other words, he refuses to show himself to the 'million.' No matter how much he is caricatured before the public (and his portraits are every where), no matter what may be the character of the anecdotes laid to his account, he refuses, absolutely, to talk, or write, or be seen, outside of the aristocratic circle to which he has thus far clung. Many people are incredulous, and believe Hume a myth; in fact, half the strength of his game lies in the mystery with which he surrounds himself."

IS DUMAS THE AUTHOR OF HIS NOVELS?

The same writer adds: "A suit of M. Maquet against Alexander Dumas, gives the public this week an insight into that mystery of French literary labor, collaboration. On this trial it is shown that M. Auguste Maquet assisted M. Dumas in the production of fifteen or more of his most popular novels and dramatic pieces, among the rest the *Monsquetaire* and *Monte Christo*. M. Maquet, although employed as a journeyman by Dumas, a sort of builder to follow out the designs traced by the architect, now sues M. Dumas for one-half of the reputation of those works, and a larger share in the profits. To prove his claim he brings forward mountains of letters from the great novelist, written during the several years that Maquet assisted him, in which the former made observations sufficient to encourage the latter in this attempt at a judicial contestation. These letters form the most curious exposition of the secrets of novel-writing that ever appeared before the public. In one place Dumas tells Maquet that he 'must make *Louise* come in by a door on the right instead of the left;' in another, that '*Raymond* must kiss the governess instead of *Rosa's* mother;' and again, he laments loudly that they had not brought *Julia* into the world lame, for that, now that the first volume was published, it was too late for a congenital lameness, and he asks Maquet's advice as to how they could force her to limp. One shudders to think of the excruciating pain the fair *Julia* escaped at the unsurgical hands of Messrs. Dumas and Maquet, by the difficulties which they encountered in finding for their readers a just cause for the operation.

"The suit of Maquet *vs.* Dumas was decided in favor of the latter, on the ground that Maquet was merely employed as an assistant. Maquet was condemned to the expenses of the suit, which were considerable."

THE ASSASSINS' COUNSEL.

The *Times* correspondent says: "I am informed that the Minister of Justice has assigned the *batonnier* of the order of advocates for the defense of Orsini. Some of the most distinguished members of the bar are to defend the others."

THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL TO BE BUILT.

The plan proposed by M. Thomé de Gamond for uniting England and France by a submarine tunnel has been submitted to the examination of an official commission, named by the Minister of Public Works; and the Commissioners have recommended that a sum of 500,000 francs be appropriated to examine the plans already prepared.

REVELATIONS OF NUNNERY LIFE.

A nun has been tried at the Court of Assizes of the Ain for forgery and arson. On being admitted to a convent at Belle, she gave a promissory note, purporting to be signed by her guardian, for 2600 francs, payable in three years. She was requested to obtain payment of the money at the earliest possible period; and, on replying that she could not get it before the time specified, she was told that she would not be permitted to pronounce the final vows as a nun until she had done so. Shortly afterward several mysterious fires burst out at different times in the convent; the gardener of the establishment was arrested; but the conflagrations continued, and, the novice being suspected, she was examined by a magistrate. To him she confessed that it was she who had caused the fires, and also that the promissory note she had given was a forgery. She said she had always wished to lead a religious life; that she had been for a short time in several convents; that she knew a certain sum of money was required, which she had no means of obtaining; and that, therefore, she had forged the note. The defense at the trial was insanity; but she was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' hard labor. One of the witnesses was a nun who had been in the convent ever since 1814, without once going outside its walls. On being conveyed by railway from Belle to Bourg, the assize town, she was astonished at every thing she saw, and especially the railway.

PRUSSIA.

THE KING'S HEALTH.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* says: The King's health has taken an unfavorable turn lately, and his recovery appears to be remoter than ever. In fact, scarcely any hopes are entertained of his being entirely restored to the possession of his mental faculties: though a lucid interval occasionally breaks through his clouded intellect, these glimpses of light are growing rare and rarer still, and total darkness seems to be gradually closing in. Under these circumstances it becomes absolutely necessary to have the regency question settled as the only means of defining the political position of this country, which has been kept in a state of suspense for the last three or four months. It will then be seen whether the Prince of Prussia is really inclined to inaugurate a new system of government, as his friends profess to believe; and if he does not, their complaints about his hands being tied and his not being able to carry out his good intentions, will cease of themselves. I hardly know which of these two events is more to be desiderated.

RUSSIA.

THE ABOLITION OF SERFDOM.

A very remarkable banquet was held at Moscow on the 9th of January to commemorate the Emperor's measures for the emancipation of the serfs.

Among others M. Babst, Professor of Political Economy at the University at Moscow, spoke as follows: "Gentlemen, after the eloquent speeches which have been made in honor of our meeting to celebrate a great event in our economical existence, I hope you will allow me to say a few words as an expression of my deep gratitude to him whose thoughts and acts, during the few years we have passed under his reign, have always responded to the real wants of the people. We have met here to celebrate an event which will be an epoch in the annals of our history, and upon which future historians will dwell with pleasure. Already, at the commencement of this century, one of our first manufacturers said to Storch that trade could never flourish under our system of compulsory labor, or, in other words, of serfage; already, in 1819, the Free Economical Society proved by facts the inconvenience of serfage as regards agriculture. The development of national wealth has ever gone hand-in-hand with the regular organization of popular labor, which, as it gradually emancipates itself from stringent conditions, becomes more active, more progressive, and consequently more productive. In proportion as national labor gradually issues forth free from such disadvantageous conditions, the love of work increases among the people. Emulation and competition arouse the sleeping energies of the nation; they will not allow them to rust, but excite them to healthy activity and continual progress. The day of the primitive forms of the economical condition of the people has now left us forever. The wants of a great nation increase daily, and can not be satisfied with the coarse conditions, contrary to all progress of primitive economy founded on compulsory labor—a labor, the limits of which are as restricted as its nature is unproductive. Our task is not to double, but to increase ten-fold, our productive power, our labor, our wealth, unless we wish to see taken away from us by nations more advanced than ourselves the markets which are ours by tradition and by our geographical position. And we can not increase our productive power except by a regular organization of national labor, which will then boldly take in hand and work the treasures now hidden in our land." The learned Professor concluded with an appeal to all honest men to support the Emperor in this great social reform.

INDIA.

THE LATEST NEWS.

Our dates are from Calcutta to the 9th of January, and from Bombay to the 13th of January. Sir Colin Campbell has taken possession of Furuckabad, which was abandoned by the enemy on the 2d of January, and Goruckpore was taken on the 6th of January by the forces under Maharagab Jung Bahador. Seven guns were taken from the enemy, and 200 of the enemy killed. British loss only two Ghorkas killed and seven wounded. The intelligence is generally of a cheering character. The direct roads between Delhi and Calcutta are now open. General Outram's forces, 4000 strong, continued safely posted at Alumbagh. The peasantry were beginning to bring supplies into the camp. A bill has been introduced for uniting the Meerut and Delhi divisions to the Punjab. The Lieutenant-governorship is to be given to Sir John Lawrence.

HOW GENERAL NEILL WAS KILLED.

The Calcutta correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes the manner in which the gallant Neill met his death: "He was riding through a narrow street, urging on the troops, when he halted for a moment under a portico to listen to the shout of the 78th Highlanders as they gained the Residency. At this moment an officer passed by faint with his exertions. Neill pulled out a flask and handed it to him. While he was thus engaged an eunuch, leaning over from the portico, discharged his matchlock into the gallant hero's skull; he fell dead at once, the most daring, dashing spirit in the army."

A LADY'S SUFFERINGS AT LUCKNOW.

A Calcutta correspondent writes on the 23d December: "I have just seen a letter from a lady delicately born and nurtured, accustomed to the highest society of England, who, with her children, endured the frightful time in Lucknow. She writes: 'It was very hard work. I often lay down feeling as if nothing could rouse me again. We were literally starving—sometimes to make the others eat who could not swallow the nauseous food set before them. Our family allowance latterly was a tea-cup full of rice, a few pounds of wheat, a little salt, and six ounces of gun-bullock. Nothing was allowed for the children. I lost all sense of fear—death was so familiar—it was such rest to many weary souls. It was sad to see the poor children pining and dying, sometimes seven or eight buried in a single night.'"

CHINA.

BOMBARDMENT OF CANTON.

The following dispatch is from Mr. Green, British Consul at Alexandria, and dated February 6:

"The Allied forces landed at Canton, December 28, consisting of 4600 British, and 900 French. On the 29th the walls were escaladed, and the heights within the town in our possession by 9 A.M. The advance within the city was but feebly contested. The damage to the town was very small. Captain Bate, of H. M. S. *Acteon*, was killed. This telegram was received in Malta by the *Euxine*, from Alexandria, February 9, at 9.55 P.M."

The following dispatch is from the *Times*:

"The bombardment of Canton commenced at daylight on the 28th of December, and was continued during the whole of the day and night. The assault, in three divisions, two English and one French, was given at 6 o'clock in the morning. Gough's Fort was taken at 2 o'clock, and blown up. The Chinese continued their fire from the houses, but the troops were restrained from entering the city."

CANADA.

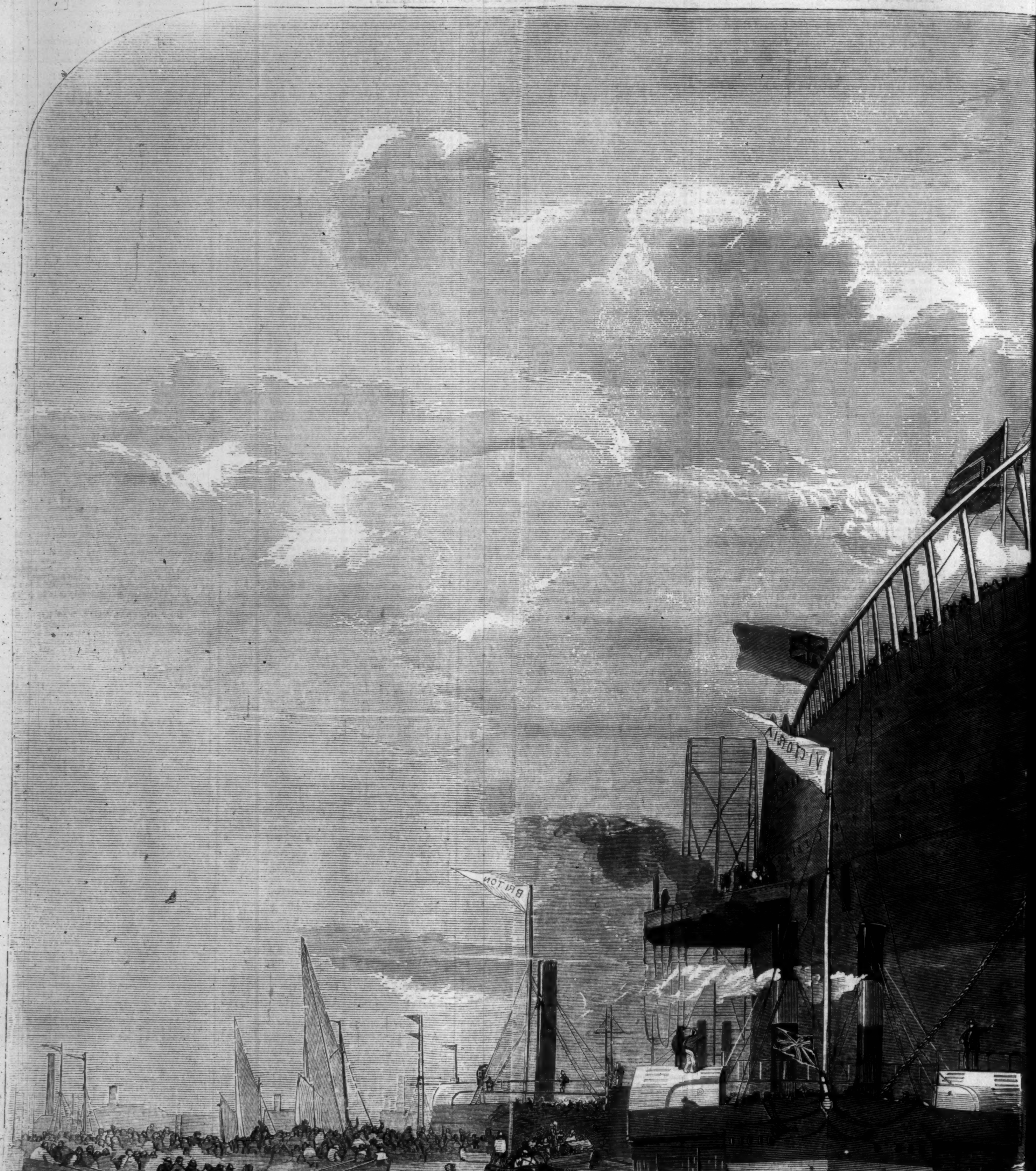
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The Governor-General's opening speech was delivered on 26th ult. In it he alludes to the Indian rebellion, and anticipates the success of the British arms and the re-establishment of British rule in India. He congratulates the country on the prudence of its commercial men, and on the good position of the banks; recommends improvement in commercial legislation, and the assimilation of the commercial laws of Upper and Lower Canada, and the consideration of the law of insolvency and imprisonment for debt and fraudulent assignments. He notices a measure for the amendment of the whole system of management of public lands. He recommends attention to the fisheries, and congratulates on the success of the Canadian line of ocean steamers, and the proposed establishment of a weekly line next summer. He recommends notice of the increasing value of lake commerce, and the trade with Chicago and the Western States. He says that a correspondence has taken place between the Imperial Government and the authorities of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in reference to an intercolonial railway and military road to Halifax. He confidently anticipates an early completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, without further aid from the province. He gives notice that correspondence relative to the Hudson's Bay Territory and the selection of a permanent seat of government will be laid before the Legislature.

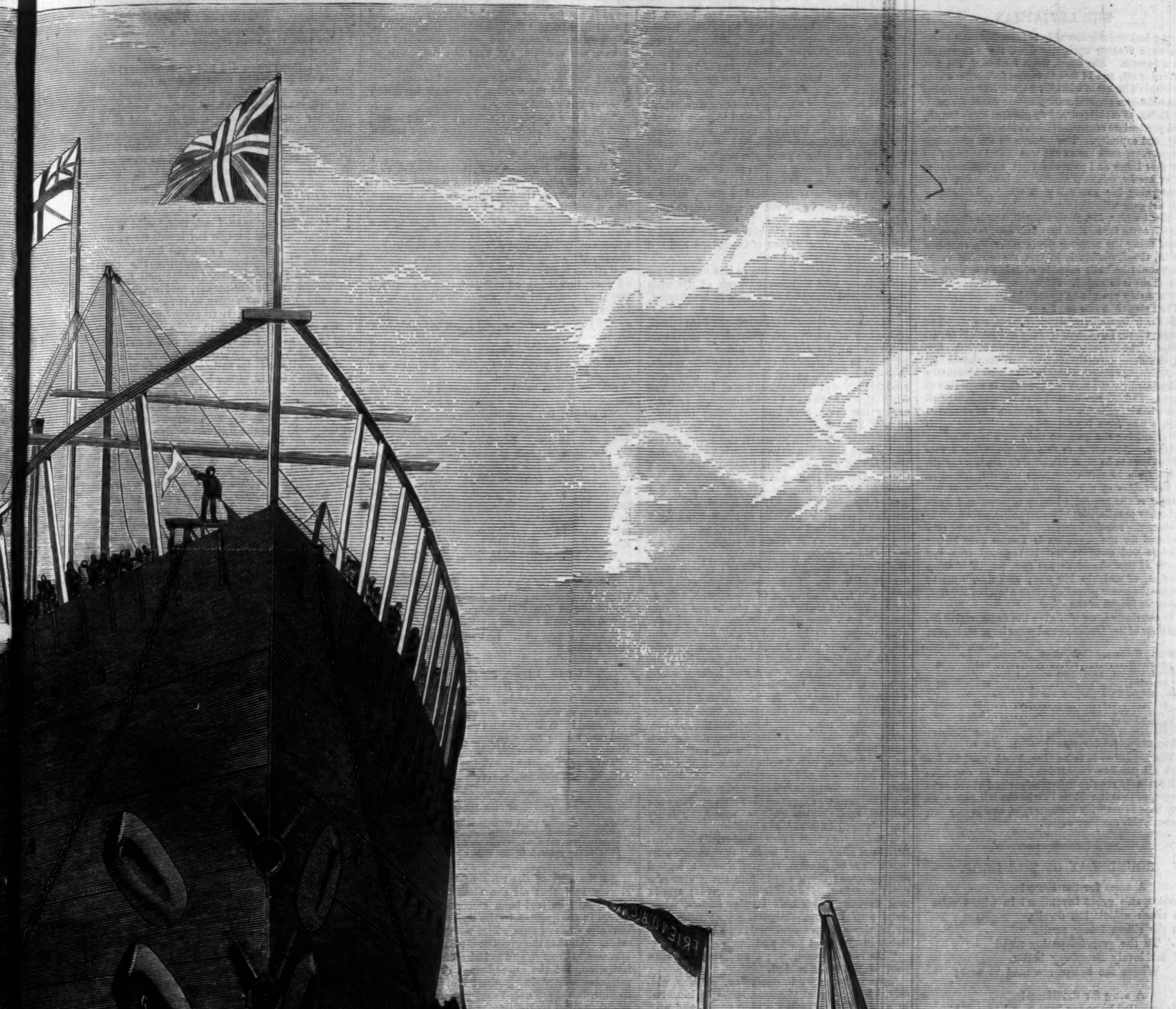
MEXICO.

PROSPECT OF MORE TROUBLES.

We have Vera Cruz dates to the 21st inst. Little political change has yet occurred, although the Government was violently opposed by General Mejia, who was also committing terrible outrages upon the people of Sierra Blancha. They had applied to the Constitutional Government at Guanajuato for aid against him. It was reported that the States of Vera Cruz, Oajaca, and Puebla had sent 8500 men and 40 pieces of artillery against General Zuloaga. The troubles in Campeachy had been settled. The whole State of Yucatan was united against Zuloaga. Zuloaga had issued a decree making the duties on goods imported *via* Vera Cruz and Tampico payable in the capital; and payment otherwise would not be recognized.


BRITON
VICTORIA

THE MAMMOTH STEAMSHIP LEVIATH



N BEING TOWED TO HER MOORINGS.

THE LEVIATHAN.

At last the monster ship is launched, and so far as mere floating uprightly goes, the experiment is a success. She drew, when launched, 16½ feet of water aft, and 14 feet 11 inches forward; which is within 6 inches of what her builder had calculated—as close an approximation as one could desire.

In No. 49 of this journal we gave, at some length, the particulars of the *Leviathan's* size, construction, rig, and capacity. The picture on the preceding pages represents her as she was towed to Deptford by four large and powerful tugs, on the morning after her launch. We will add here a few facts concerning her general plan which, we believe, are not generally known.

Her builder, Mr. Scott Russell, states that he is an advocate for *small* ships; and asserts that so far from being the monster she is generally supposed to be, the *Leviathan* is in fact the *smallest* vessel that could be built capable of doing the work for which she is intended. Experience has shown that a steamship can not be profitably worked which is of less size than one ton for every mile of the voyage she is to perform, *carrying her own coal*. The voyage from London to Sydney and back is 25,000 miles. The *Leviathan's* tonnage is but 22,000. She is, therefore, actually smaller than she should be.

Again, her length seems to have been accurately calculated for the rate per hour she is expected to make. In 1835 Mr. Russell first brought into practice what he calls his "wave system" of construction, a new form for vessels, possessing the quality of uniting the greatest bulk with the least resistance. According to this system, when a vessel is about to be built intended to attain a certain speed, from 10 miles per hour upward, reference to the tables of the wave principle informs the builder of the requisite length of bows and stern and other peculiarities of construction necessary to produce the required result. Now the exact rate proposed for the *Leviathan* is known only to her builders and owners; but it required that her length of bow should be 330 feet, length of stern 250 feet, of midship 120 feet; and this, with 10 feet for the screw propeller, gives a total of 680 feet, the exact length of the ship.

In conclusion, we will give the comparative dimensions of the *Leviathan* and other large steamers:

	Length.	Breadth.
Great Western, 1838 (first Atlantic steamer)	236	36
Great Britain, 1844 (first ocean screw steamer)	322	51
Himalaya, 1853 (largest screw steamer)	370	44
Persia, 1856 (paddle steamer)	390	45
Adriatic, 1857 (paddle steamer, next in tonnage to the *Leviathan*)	354	50
Leviathan, 1858 (screw and paddle)	680	83

The *Leviathan* is to be rigged and fitted for sea with all possible expedition; but this operation will probably require between four and five months longer, so that it will be late in the fall before we may hope to see with our own eyes, and in our own harbors, this monster vessel.

ROUNDELAY OF THE HOOP.

A song for the Hoop!
Montespan's great invention! in whose cells
So much undulation dwells,
As the silken fabric swells
To the graceful pacing tread
Of our lovely Broadway belles,
Whom the beaux are mad to wed!

A song for the Hoop!
'Tis trundled by queen bees from beauty's hives;
Lifting skirts in walks and drives,
Giving ankles better lives:
For the clumsy folds have fled
From our sweet-hearts and our wives,
And the Hoop doth swing instead!

Hurrah for Crinoline!
That mid imperial boudoirs rustled first!—
The secret, for a season nurs'd,
Soon from Fashion's temple burst
In the fullness of its pride.
But the sires and sighers cursed
Whene'er called to take a ride!

Hurrah for both at once!
Crinoline and Hoop, and all of mysterious
Springs that fall when delirious
With grace, and imperious
Of space, swell the skirts
Potent over all the serious
Papas of laughing flirts.

Whoop, whoop for the Hoop!
Roll the whoop to the salons of Versailles,
Or the Boulevards, where hie
Duchess and grisette to buy
Steel and horse-hair graces cheap!
But, pray, never ask us why—
'Tis a secret we must keep.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER II.

Truly saith the proverb, "Much corn lies under the straw that is not seen."

Meanwhile George Morley followed the long shady walk—very handsome walk, full of prize roses and rare exotics—artificially winding, too—walk so well kept that it took thirty-four men to keep it—noble walk, tiresome walk—till it brought him to the great piece of water, which, perhaps, four times in the year was visited by the great folks in the Great House. And being thus out of the immediate patronage of fashion, the great piece of water really looked natural—companionable, refreshing—you began to breathe—to unbutton your waistcoat, loosen your neckcloth—quote Chaucer, if you could recollect him, or Cowper, or Shakspeare, or Thomson's Seasons; in short, any scraps of verse that came into your head—as your feet grew joyously entangled with fern—as the trees grouped forest-like before and round you—trees which there being out of sight, were allowed to grow too old to be worth five shillings apiece, moss-grown, hollow-trunked, some pollarded—trees invaluable! Ha! the hare! how she scuds! See, the deer marching down to the water-side. What groves of bulrushes—islands of water-lily! And to throw a Gothic bridge there, bring a great gravel road over the bridge! Oh, shame! shame!

So would have said the scholar, for he had a true sentiment for nature, if the bridge had not clean gone out of his head.

Wandering alone, he came at last to the most umbrageous and sequestered bank of the wide water, closed round on every side by brushwood, or still patriarchal trees.

Suddenly he arrested his steps—an idea struck him—one of those odd, whimsical, grotesque ideas which often when we are alone come across us, even in our quietest or most anxious moods. Was his infirmity really incurable? Elocution masters had said "Certainly not;" but they had done him no good. Yet had not the greatest orator the world ever knew a defect in utterance? He too, Demosthenes, had, no doubt, paid fees to elocution masters, the best in Athens, where elocution masters must have studied their art *ad unguem*, and the defect had baffled them. But did Demosthenes despair? No, he resolved to cure himself—How? Was it not one of his methods to fill his mouth with pebbles, and practice manfully to the roaring sea? George Morley had never tried the effect of pebbles. Was there any virtue in them? Why not try? No sea there, it is true; but a sea was only useful as representing the noise of a stormy democratic audience. To represent a peaceful congregation that still sheet of water would do as well. Pebbles there were in plenty just by that gravelly cove, near which a young pike lay sunning his green back. Half in jest, half in earnest, the scholar picked up a handful of pebbles, wiped them from sand and mould, inserted them between his teeth cautiously, and, looking round to assure himself that none were by, began an extempore discourse. So interested did he become in that classical experiment, that he might have tortured the air and astonished the magpies (three of whom from a neighboring thicket listened perfectly spell-bound) for more than half an hour, when, seized with shame at the ludicrous impotence of his exertions—with despair that so wretched a barrier should stand between his mind and its expression—he flung away the pebbles, and, sinking on the ground, he fairly wept—wept like a baffled child.

The fact was, that Morley had really the temperament of an orator; he had the orator's gifts in warmth of passion, rush of thought, logical arrangement; there was in him the genius of a great preacher. He felt it—he knew it; and in that despair which only Genius knows, when some pitiful cause obstructs its energies and strikes down its powers—making a confidant of Solitude—he wept loud and freely.

"Do not despond, Sir; I undertake to cure you," said a voice behind.

George started up in confusion. A man, elderly, but fresh and vigorous, stood beside him, in a light fustian jacket, a blue apron, and with rushes in his hands, which he continued to plait together nimbly and deftly as he bowed to the startled scholar.

"I was in the shade of the thicket yonder, Sir; pardon me, I could not help hearing you."

The Oxonian rubbed his eyes, and stared at the man with a vague impression that he had seen him before—When? Where?

"You can cure me," he stuttered out; "what of?—the folly of trying to speak in public. Thank you, I am cured."

"Nay, Sir, you see before you a man who can make you a very good speaker. Your voice is naturally fine. I repeat I can cure a defect which is not in the organ, but in the management."

"You can! you—who and what are you?"

"A basket-maker, Sir; I hope for your custom."

"Surely this is not the first time I have seen you?"

"True; you once kindly suffered me to borrow a resting-place on your father's land. One good turn deserves another."

At that moment Sir Isaac peered through the brambles, and, restored to his original whiteness, and relieved from his false, horned ears, marched gravely toward the water, sniffed at the scholar, slightly wagged his tail, and buried himself among the reeds in search of a water-rat he had therein disturbed a week before, and always expected to find again.

The sight of the dog immediately cleared up the cloud in the scholar's memory; but with recognition came back a keen curiosity and a sharp pang of remorse.

"And your little girl?" he asked, looking down abashed.

"Better than she was when we last met. Providence is so kind to us."

Poor Waife, he never guessed that to the person he thus revealed himself he owed the grief for Sophy's abduction. He divined no reason for the scholar's flushing cheek and embarrassed manner.

"Yes, Sir, we have just settled in this neighborhood. I have a pretty cottage yonder at the outskirts of the village, and near the park-pales. I recognized you at once; and as I heard you just now, I called to mind that when we met before, you said your calling should be the Church, were it not for your difficulty in utterance; and I said to myself, 'No bad things those pebbles, if his utterance were thick, which it is not;' and I have not a doubt, Sir, that the true fault of Demosthenes, whom I presume you were imitating, was that he spoke through his nose."

"Eh!" said the scholar, "through his nose? I never knew that!—and I—"

"And you are trying to speak without lungs; that is, without air in them. You don't smoke, I presume?"

"No—certainly not."

"You must learn—speak between each slow puff of your pipe. All you want is time, time to quiet the nerves, time to think, time to breathe. The moment you begin to stammer—stop—fill the lungs thus, then try again! It is only a clever man who can learn to write—that is, to compose; but any fool can be taught to speak—Courage!"

"If you really can teach me," cried the learned man, forgetting all self-reproach for his betrayal of Waife to Mrs. Crane in the absorbing interest of the hope that sprang up within him—"If you can teach me—if I can but con—con—con—conq—"

"Slowly—slowly—breath and time; take a whiff from my pipe—that's right. Yes, you can conquer the impediment."

"Then I will be the best friend to you that man ever had. There's my hand on it."

"I take it, but I ask leave to change the parties in the contract. I don't want a friend—I don't deserve one. You'll be a friend to my little girl instead; and if ever I ask you to help me in aught for her welfare and happiness—"

"I will help, heart and soul. Slight, indeed, any service to her or to you compared with such service to me. Free this wretched tongue from its stammer, and thought and zeal will not stammer whenever you say, 'Keep your promise.' I am so glad your little girl is still with you!"

Waife looked surprised—"Is still with me—why not?"

The scholar bit his tongue. That was not the moment to confess; it might destroy all Waife's confidence in him. He would do so later.

"When shall I begin my lesson?"

"Now, if you like. But have you a book in your pocket?"

"I always have."

"Not Greek, I hope, Sir."

"No, a volume of Barrow's Sermons. Lord Chatham recommended those sermons to his great son as a study for eloquence."

"Good! Will you lend me the volume, Sir, and now for it; listen to me: one sentence at a time—draw your breath when I do."

The three magpies pricked up their ears again, and, as they listened, marveled much.

CHAPTER III.

Could we know by what strange circumstances a man's genius became prepared for practical success, we should discover that the most serviceable items in his education were never entered in the bills which his father paid for it.

At the end of the very first lesson George Morley saw that all the elocution-masters to whose skill he had been consigned were blunderers in comparison to the basket-maker.

Waife did not puzzle him with scientific theories. All that the great comedian required of him was to observe and to imitate. Observation, imitation, lo! the ground-work of all art! the primal elements of all genius! Not there, indeed, to halt, but there ever to commence. What remains to carry on the intellect to mastery? Two steps—to reflect, to reproduce. Observation, imitation, reflection, reproduction. In these stands a mind complete and consummate, fit to cope with all labor, achieve all success.

At the end of the first lesson George Morley felt that his cure was possible. Making an appointment for the next day at the same place, he came thither stealthily, and so on day by day. At the end of a week he felt that the cure was nearly sure; at the end of a month the cure was self-evident. He should live to preach the Word. True, that he practiced incessantly in private. Not a moment in his waking hours that the one thought, one object, were absent from his mind; true, that with all his patience, all his toil, the obstacle was yet serious, might never be entirely overcome. Nervous hurry—rapidity of action—vehemence of feeling brought back, might, at unguarded moments, always bring back the gasping breath—the emptied lungs—the struggling utterance. But the relapse—rarer and rarer now with each trial—would be at last scarce a drawback. "Nay," quoth Waife, "instead of a drawback, become but an orator, and you will convert a defect into a beauty."

Thus justly sanguine of the accomplishment of his life's chosen object, the scholar's gratitude to Waife was unspeakable. And seeing the man daily at last in his own cottage—Sophy's health restored to her cheeks, smiles to her lip, and cheered at her light fancy-work beside her grandsire's elbow-chair, with fairy legends instilling perhaps golden truths—seeing Waife thus, the scholar mingled with gratitude a strange tenderness of respect. He knew naught of the vagrant's past—his reason might admit that in a position of life so at variance with the gifts natural and acquired of the singular basket-maker, there was something mysterious and suspicious. But he blushed to think that he had ever ascribed to a flawed or wandering intellect the eccentricities of glorious Humor—abetted an attempt to separate an old age so innocent and genial from a childhood so fostered and so fostering. And sure I am that if the whole world had risen up to point the finger of scorn at the one-eyed cripple, George Morley, the well-born gentleman—the refined scholar—the spotless Churchman—would have given him his arm to lean upon, and walked by his side unashamed.

CHAPTER IV.

To judge human character rightly, a man may sometimes have very small experience, provided he has a very large heart.

Numa Pompilius did not more conceal from notice the lessons he received from Egeria than did George Morley those which he received from the basket-maker. Natural, indeed, must be his wish for secrecy—pretty story it would be for Humberston, its future rector learning how to preach a sermon from an old basket-maker! But he had a nobler and more imperious motive for discretion—his honor was engaged to it. Waife exacted a promise that he would regard the intercourse between them as strictly private and confidential.

"It is for my sake I ask this," said Waife, frankly, "though I might say it was for yours." The Oxonian promised, and was bound. Fortunately, Lady Montfort quitting the Great House the very day after George had first encountered the basket-maker, and writing word that she should not return to it for some weeks—George was at liberty to avail himself of her lord's general invitation to make use of Montfort Court as his lodgings when in the neighborhood, which the proprieties of the world would not have allowed him to do while Lady Montfort was there without either host or female guests. Accordingly, he took up his abode in a corner of the vast palace, and was easily enabled, when he pleased, to traverse unobserved the solitudes of the park, gain the water-side, or stroll thence through the thick copse leading to Waife's cottage, which bordered the park-pales, solitary, sequestered, beyond sight of the neighboring village. The great house all to himself, George was brought in contact with no one to whom, in unguarded moments, he could even have let out a hint of his new acquaintance, except the clergyman of the parish, a worthy man, who lived in strict retirement upon a scanty stipend. For the Marquis was the lay impropriator; the living was therefore but a very poor vicarage, below the acceptance of a Vipont or a Vipont's tutor—sure to go to a quiet worthy man forced to live in strict retirement. George saw too little of this clergyman either to let out secrets or pick up information. From him, however, George did incidentally learn that Waife had some months previously visited the village, and proposed to the bailiff to take the cottage and osier land, which he now rented—that he represented himself as having known an old basket-maker who had dwelt there many years ago, and had learned the basket craft of that long deceased operative. As he offered a higher rent than the bailiff could elsewhere obtain, and as the bailiff was desirous to get credit with Mr. Carr Vipont for improving the property, by reviving thereon an art which had fallen into desuetude, the bargain was struck, provided the candidate, being a stranger to the place, could furnish the bailiff with any satisfactory reference. Waife had gone away, saying he should shortly return with the requisite testimonial. In fact, poor man, as we know, he was then counting on a good word from Mr. Hartopp. He had not, however, returned for some months. The cottage having been meanwhile wanted for the temporary occupation of an under gamekeeper, while his own was under repair, fortunately remained unlet. Waife, on returning, accompanied by his little girl, had referred the bailiff to a respectable house-agent and collector of street rents in Bloomsbury, who wrote word that a lady, then abroad, had authorised him, as the agent employed in the management of a house property from which much of her income was derived, not only to state that Waife was a very intelligent man, likely to do well whatever he undertook, but also to guarantee, if required, the punctual payment of the rent for any holding of which he became the occupier. On this the agreement was concluded—the basket-maker installed. In the immediate neighborhood there was no custom for basket-work, but Waife's performances were so neat, and some so elegant and fanciful, that he had no difficulty in contracting with a large tradesman (not at Humberston, but a more distant and yet more thriving town about twenty miles off), for as much of such work as he could supply. Each week the carrier took his goods and brought back the payments; the profits amply sufficed for Waife's and Sophy's daily bread, with even more than the surplus set aside for the rent. For the rest, the basket-maker's cottage being at the farthest outskirts of the straggling village inhabited but by a laboring peasantry, his way of life was not much known, nor much inquired into. He seemed a harmless hard-working man—never seen at the beer-house, always seen with his neatly-dressed little grandchild in his quiet corner at church on Sundays—a civil, well-behaved man too, who touched his hat to the bailiff, and took it off to the vicar.

An idea prevailed that the basket-maker had spent much of his life in foreign parts, favored partly by a sobriety of habits which is not altogether national, partly by something in his appearance, which, without being above his lowly calling, did not seem quite in keeping with it—outlandish in short—but principally by the fact that he had received since his arrival two letters with a foreign postmark. The idea befriended the old man; allowing it to be inferred that he had probably outlived the friends he had formerly left behind him in England, and on his return, been sufficiently fatigued with his rambles to drop contented in any corner of his native soil, wherein he could find a quiet home, and earn by light toil a decent livelihood.

George, though naturally curious to know what had been the result of his communication to Mrs. Crane—whether it had led to Waife's discovery or caused him annoyance, had hitherto, however, shrunk from touching upon a topic which subjected himself to an awkward confession of officious intermeddling, and might appear an indirect and indelicate mode of prying into painful family affairs. But one day he received a letter from his father which disturbed him greatly, and induced him to break ground and speak to his preceptor frankly. In this letter the elder Mr. Morley mentioned incidentally, among other scraps of local news, that he had seen Mr. Hartopp, who was rather out of sorts, his good heart not having recovered the shock of having been abominably "taken in" by an impostor for whom he had conceived a great fancy, and to whose discovery George himself had providentially led (the father referring here to what George had told him of his first meeting with Waife, and his visit to Mrs. Crane), the impostor, it seemed, from what Mr. Hartopp let fall, not being a little queer in the head—as George had been led to surmise—but a very bad character. "In fact," added the elder Morley, "a character so bad, that Mr. Hartopp was too glad to give up the child, whom the man appears to have abducted, to her lawful protectors; and I suspect from what Hartopp said, though he does not like to own that he was taken in to so gross a degree, that he had been actually introducing to his fellow-townsfolk, and conferring familiarly, with a regular jail-bird—perhaps a burglar. How lucky for that poor, soft-headed, excellent Jos Hartopp—whom it is positively as inhuman to take in as if he were a born natural—that the lady you saw arrived in time to expose the snares laid for his benevolent credulity. But for that, Jos might have taken the fellow into his own house—(just like him!)—and been robbed by this time—perhaps murdered—Heaven knows!"

Incredulous and indignant, and longing to be empowered to vindicate his friend's fair name, George seized his hat, and strode quick along the path toward the basket-maker's cottage. As he gained the water-side he perceived Waife himself, seated on a mossy bank, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, watching a deer as it came to drink, and whistling a soft mellow tune—the tune of an old English border-song. The deer lifted its antlers from the water, and turned its large bright eyes toward the opposite bank, whence the note came—listening and wistful. As George's step crushed the wild thyme, which the thorn-tree shadowed—"Hush," said Waife, "and mark how the rudest musical sound can affect the brute creation." He resumed the whistle—a clearer, louder, wilder tune—that of a lively hunting-song. The deer turned quickly round—uneasy, restless, tossed its antlers, and bounded through the fern. Waife again changed the key of his primitive music—a melancholy *belling* note, like the belling itself of a melancholy hart, but more modulated into sweetness. The deer arrested its flight, and, lured by the mimic sound, returned toward the water-side, slow and stately.

"I don't think the story of Orpheus charming the brutes was a fable—do you, Sir?" said Waife. "The rabbits about here know me already; and if I had but a fiddle I would undertake to make friends with that reserved and unsocial water-rat, on whom Sir Isaac in vain endeavors at present to force his acquaintance. Man commits a great mistake in not cultivating more intimate and amicable relations with the other branches of earth's great family. Few of them not more amusing than we are—naturally, for they have not our cares. And such variety of character, too, where you would least expect it!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "Very true: Cowper noticed marked differences of character in his favorite hares."

WAIFE. "Hares! I am sure that there are not two house-flies on a window-pane, two minnows in that water, that would not present to us interesting points of contrast as to temper and disposition. If house-flies and minnows could but coin money, or set up a manufacture—contrive something, in short, to buy or sell attractive to Anglo-Saxon enterprise and intelligence—of course we should soon have diplomatic relations with them; and our dispatches and newspapers would instruct us to a T in the characters and propensities of their leading personages. But where man has no pecuniary nor ambitious interests at stake in his commerce with any class of his fellow-creatures, his information about them is extremely confused and superficial. The best naturalists are mere generalizers, and think they have done a vast deal when they classify a species. What should we know about mankind if we had only a naturalist's definition of man? We only know mankind by knocking classification on the head, and studying each man as a class in himself. Compare Buffon with Shakspeare! Alas! Sir—can we never have a Shakspeare for house-flies and minnows?"

GEORGE MORLEY. "With all respect for minnows and house-flies, if we found another Shakspeare, he might be better employed, like his predecessor, in selecting individualities from the classifications of man."

WAIFE. "Being yourself a man, you think so—a house-fly might be of a different opinion. But permit me, at least, to doubt whether such an investigator would be better employed in reference to his own happiness, though I grant that he would be so in reference to your intellectual amusement and social interests. Poor Shakspeare! How much he must have suffered!"

GEORGE MORLEY. "You mean that he must have been racked by the passions he describes—bruised by collision with the hearts he dissects. That is not necessary to genius. The judge on his bench, summing up evidence, and charging the jury, has no need to have shared the temptations, or been privy to the acts, of the prisoner at the bar. Yet how consummate may be his analysis!"

"No," cried Waife, roughly. "No. Your illustration destroys your argument. The judge knows nothing of the prisoner! There are the circumstances—there is the law. By these he generalizes—by these he judges—right or wrong. But of the individual at the bar—of the world—the tremendous world within that individual heart—I repeat—he knows nothing. Did he know, law and circumstance might vanish—human justice would be paralyzed. Ho, there! place that swart-visaged, ill-looking foreigner in the dock, and let counsel open the case—hear the witnesses depose! Oh, horrible wretch!—a murderer—unmanly murderer!—a defenseless woman smothered by caitiff hands! Hang him up—hang him up! 'Softly,' whispers the POET, and lifts the vail from the Assassin's heart. 'Lo! it is Othello the Moor!' What jury now dare find that criminal guilty?—what judge now will put on the black cap?—who now says, 'Hang him up—hang him up?'"

With such lifelike force did the Comedian vent this passionate outburst that he thrilled his listener with an awe akin to that which the convicted Moor gathers round himself at the close of the sublime drama. Even Sir Isaac was startled; and, leaving his hopeless pursuit of the water-rat, uttered a low bark, came to his master, and looked into his face with solemn curiosity.

WAIFE (relapsing into colloquial accents). "Why do we sympathize with those above us more than with those below? why with the sorrows of a king rather than those of a beggar? why does Sir Isaac sympathize with me more than (let that water-rat vex him ever so much) I can possibly sympathize with him? Whatever be the cause, see at least, Mr. Morley, one reason why a poor creature like myself finds it better employment to cultivate the intimacy of brutes than to prosecute the study of men. Among men, all are too high to sympathize with me; but I have known two friends who never injured nor betrayed me. Sir Isaac is one, Wamba was another. Wamba, Sir, the native of a remote district of the globe (two friends civilized Europe is not large enough to afford to any one man)—Wamba, Sir, was less gifted by nature, less refined by education than Sir Isaac; but he was a safe and trustworthy companion. Wamba, Sir, was—an opossum."

GEORGE MORLEY. "Alas, my dear Mr. Waife, I fear that men must have behaved very ill to you."

WAIFE. "I have no right to complain. I have behaved very ill to myself. When a man is his own enemy, he is very unreasonable if he expect other men to be his benefactors."

GEORGE MORLEY (with emotion). "Listen, I have a confession to make to you. I fear I have done you an injury—where, officiously, I meant to do a kindness." The scholar hurried on to narrate the particulars of his visit to Mrs. Crane. On concluding the recital, he added—"When again I met you here and learned that your Sophy was with you, I felt inexpressibly relieved. It was clear then, I thought, that your grandchild had been left to your care unmolested, either that you had proved not to be the person of whom the parties were in search, or family affairs had been so explained and reconciled, that my interference had occasioned you no harm. But to-day I have a letter from my father which disquiets me much. It seems that the persons in question did visit Gatesboro' and have maligned you to Mr. Hartopp. Understand me, I ask for no confidence which you may be unwilling to give; but if you will arm me with the power to vindicate your character from aspersions which I need not your assurance to hold unjust and false, I will not rest till that task be triumphantly accomplished."

WAIFE (in a tone calm but dejected). "I thank you with all my heart. But there is nothing to be done. I am glad that the subject did not start up between us until such little service as I could render you, Mr. Morley, was pretty well over. It would have been a pity if you had been compelled to drop all communication with a man of attainted character before you had learned how to manage the powers that will enable you hereafter to exhort sinners worse than I have been. Hush, Sir! you feel that, at least now, I am an inoffensive old man—laboring for a humble livelihood. You will not repeat here what you may have heard, or yet hear, to the discredit of my former life? You will not send me and my grandchild forth from our obscure refuge to confront a world with which we have no strength to cope? And, believing this, it only remains for me to say Fare-you-well, Sir."

"I should deserve to lose spe—spe—speech altogether," cried the Oxonian, gasping and stammering fearfully as he caught Waife firmly by the arm, "if I suffered—suff—suff—suff—"

"One, two! take time, Sir!" said the Comedian, softly. And with a sweet patience he reseated himself on the bank.

The Oxonian threw himself at length by the outcast's side; and with the noble tenderness of a nature as chivalrously Christian as Heaven ever gave to priest, he rested his folded hands upon Waife's shoulder, and looking him full and close in the face, said thus, slowly, deliberately, not a stammer,

"You do not guess what you have done for me; you have secured to me a home and a career—the wife of whom I must otherwise have despaired—the divine vocation on which all my earthly hopes were set, and which I was on the eve of renouncing—do not think these are obligations which can be lightly shaken off. If there are circumstances which forbid me to disabuse others of impressions which wrong you, imagine not that their false notions will affect my own gratitude—my own respect for you!"

"Nay, Sir! they ought—they must. Perhaps not your exaggerated gratitude for a service which you should not, however, measure by its effects on yourself, but by the slightness of the trouble it gave to me; not perhaps your gratitude—but your respect, yes."

"I tell you no! Do you fancy that I can not judge of a man's nature without calling on him to trust me with all the secrets—all the errors, if you will, of his past life? Will not the calling to which I may now hold myself destined give me power and commandment to absolve all those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe? Oh, Mr. Waife! if in earlier days you have sinned, do you not repent? and how often, in many a lovely gentle sentence dropped unawares from your lips, have I had cause to know that you unfeignedly believe! Were I now clothed with sacred authority, could I not absolve you as a priest? Think you that, in the mean while, I dare judge you as a man? I—life's new recruit, guarded hitherto from temptation by careful parents and favoring fortune—*I* presume to judge, and judge harshly, the gray-haired veteran, wearied by the march, wounded in the battle!"

"You are a noble-hearted human being," said Waife, greatly affected. "And—mark my words—a mantle of charity so large you will live to wear as a robe of honor. But hear me, Sir! Mr. Hartopp also is a man infinitely charitable, benevolent, kindly, and, through all his simplicity, acutely shrewd. Mr. Hartopp, on hearing what was said against me, deemed me unfit to retain my grandchild, resigned the trust I had confided to him, and would have given me alms, no doubt, had I asked them, but not his hand. Take your hands, Sir, from my shoulder, lest the touch sully you."

George did take his hands from the vagrant's shoulder, but it was to grasp the hand that waived them off, and struggled to escape the pressure. "You are innocent, you are innocent! forgive me that I spoke to you of repentance, as if you had been guilty. I feel you are innocent—feel it by my own heart. You turn away. I defy you to say that you are guilty of what has been laid to your charge, of what has darkened your good name, of what Mr. Hartopp believed to your prejudice. Look me in the face and say, 'I am not innocent, I have not been belied.'"

Waife remained voiceless—motionless.

The young man, in whose nature lay yet unproved all those grand qualities of heart, without which never was there a grand orator, a grand preacher—qualities which grasp the results of argument, and arrive at the end of elaborate reasoning by sudden impulse—here released Waife's hand, rose to his feet, and, facing Waife, as the old man sate with face averted, eyes downcast, breast heaving, said, loftily,

"Forget that I may soon be the Christian minister whose duty bows his ear to the lips of shame and guilt—whose hand, when it points to Heaven, no mortal touch can sully—whose sublimest post is by the sinner's side. Look on me but as man and gentleman. See, I now extend this hand to you. If, as man and gentleman, you have done that which, could all hearts be read, all secrets known—human judgment reversed by Divine omniscience—forbids you to take this hand—*then* reject it—go hence—we part! But if no such act be on your conscience—however you submit to its imputation—THEN, in the name of Truth, as man and gentleman to man and gentleman, I command you to take this right hand, and in the name of that Honor which bears no paltering, I forbid you to disobey."

The vagabond rose, like the dead at the spell of a magician—took, as if irresistibly, the hand held out to him. And the scholar, overjoyed, fell on his breast, embracing him as a son.

"You know," said George, in trembling accents, "that the hand you have taken will never betray—never desert; but is it—is it really powerless to raise and to restore you to your place?"

"Powerless among your kind for that indeed," answered Waife, in accents still more tremulous. "All the kings of the earth are not strong enough to raise a name that has once been trampled into the mire. Learn that it is not only impossible for me to clear myself, but that it is equally impossible for me to confide to mortal being a single plea in defense if I am innocent, in extenuation if I am guilty. And saying this, and entreating you to hold it more merciful to condemn than to question me—for question is torture—I can not reject your pity; but it would be mockery to offer me respect!"

"What! not respect the fortitude which calumny can not crush? Would that fortitude be possible if you were not calm in the knowledge that no false witnesses can mislead the Eternal Judge? Respect you! yes—because I have seen you happy in despite of men, and therefore I know that the cloud around you is not the frown of Heaven."

"Oh," cried Waife, the tears rolling down his cheeks, "and not an hour ago I was jesting at human friendship—venting graceless spleen on my fellow-men! And now—now—Ah! Sir, Providence is so kind to me! And," said he, brushing away his tears, as the old arch smile began to play round the corner of his mouth—"and kind to me in the very quarter in which unkindness had most sorely smitten me. True, you directed toward me the woman who took from me my grandchild—who destroyed me in the esteem of good Mr. Hartopp. Well, you see, I have my sweet Sophy back again; we are in the home of all others I most longed for; and that woman—yes, I can, at least thus far, confide to you my secrets, so that you may not blame yourself for sending her to Gatesboro'—that very woman knows of my shelter—furnished me with the very reference necessary to obtain it; has freed my grandchild from a loathsome bondage, which I could not have legally resisted; and should new persecutions chase us, will watch, and warn, and help us. And if you ask me how this change in her was effected—how, when we had abandoned all hope of green fields, and deemed that only in the crowd of a city we could escape those who pursued us when discovered there, though I fancied myself an adept in disguise, and the child and the dog were never seen out of the four garret walls in which I hid them; if you ask me, I say, to explain how that very woman was suddenly converted from a remorseless foe into a saving guardian, I can only answer, by no wit, no device, no persuasive art of mine. Providence softened her heart, and made it kind, just at the moment when no other agency on earth could have rescued us from—from—"

"Say no more—I guess! the paper this woman showed me was a legal form authorizing your poor little Sophy to be given up to the care of a father. I guess! of that father you would not speak ill to me; yet from that father you would save your grandchild. Say no more. And yon quiet home—your humble employment, really content you?"

"Oh, if such a life can but last! Sophy is so well, so cheerful, so happy. Did not you hear her singing the other day? She never used to sing! But we had not been here a week when song broke out from her untaught, as from a bird. But if any ill report of me travel hither from Gatesboro', or elsewhere, we should be sent away, and the bird would be mute in my thorn-tree—Sophy would sing no more."

"Do not fear that slander shall drive you hence. Lady Montfort, you know, is my cousin, but you know not—few do—how thoroughly generous and gentle-hearted she is. I will speak of you to her—Oh, do not look alarmed. She will take my word when I tell her 'that is a good man;' and if she ask more, it will be enough to say, 'those who have known better days are loth to speak to strangers of the past.'"

"I thank you earnestly, sincerely," said Waife, brightening up. "One favor more—if you saw in the formal document shown to you, or retain on your memory, the name of—of the person authorized to claim Sophy as his child, you will not mention it to Lady Montfort. I am not sure if ever she heard that name, but she may have done so—and—and—" He paused a moment, and seemed to muse; then went on, not concluding his sentence. "You are so good to me, Mr. Morley, that I wish to confide in you as far as I can. Now, you see I am already an old man, and my chief object is to raise up a friend for Sophy when I am gone—a friend in her own sex, Sir. Oh, you can not guess how I long—how I yearn to view that child under the holy fostering eyes of woman. Perhaps if Lady Montfort saw my pretty Sophy she might take a fancy to her. Oh, if she did—if she did! And Sophy," added Waife, proudly, "*has* a right to respect. She is not like me—any hovel good enough for me. But for her!—Do you know that I conceived that hope—that the hope helped to lead me back here when, months ago, I was at Humberston, intent upon rescuing Sophy; and saw, though," observed Waife, with a sly twitch of the muscles round his mouth, "I had no right at that precise moment to be seeing any thing—Lady Montfort's humane fear for a blind old impostor, who was trying to save his dog—a black dog, Sir, who had dyed his hair—from her carriage wheels. And the hope became stronger still, when, the first Sunday I attended yon village church, I again saw that fair—wondrously fair—face at the far end—fair as moonlight and as melancholy. Strange it is, Sir, that I, naturally a boisterous, mirthful man, and now a shy, skulking fugitive—feel more attracted, more allured toward a countenance, in proportion as I read there the trace of sadness. I feel less abashed by my own nothingness—more emboldened to approach and say, 'Not so far apart from me; thou, too, hast suffered.' Why is this?"

GEORGE MORLEY. "'The fool hath said in his heart that there is no God;' but the fool hath not said in his heart that there is no sorrow—pithy and most profound sentence; intimating the irrefragable chain that binds men to the Father. And where the chain tightens the children are closer drawn together. But to your wish—I will remember it. And when my cousin returns she shall see your Sophy."

ANECDOTES OF RACHEL.

SINCE the death of the great tragedienne the Parisian journals are filled with reminiscences of various parts of her career, and anecdotes characteristic of her who so long delighted the French people.

Her parents, as is known, were poor Jews. The mother kept a second-hand clothing stand in Paris, and the two sisters, Eliza Rachel and Rebecca, contributed their share to the family commissariat by singing in the streets, when M. Choron, an old gentleman, formerly director of the Opera, but then teacher of singing and declamation, was induced to give the girls instructions in singing. After being there some time the parents desired again to make them useful. Choron writes his opinion of the merits of the two children: "Eliza (Rachel) will require a little more time, for she has a worse memory and works less than her sister, who is considerably more thoughtful, and understands with greater facility."

Her genius for tragedy being discovered, she was sent to a school of declamation, and having, at a trial declamation, elicited the approval of some of the first critics, she was placed for farther instruction under Samson, the celebrated professor. It is stated that only with the greatest difficulty could she be induced to give up her predilection for comedy—another instance of the errors in self-judgment true genius sometimes falls into.

At length came an engagement at the Gymnase. "That name, Eliza, will not suit the bill at all," said the director to her, when the arrangement was made. "Have you no other?"

"My name is Elizabeth Rachel."

"Come, that is better! Rachel is a name which will be remembered, and which is not borne by every body. Call yourself in future Rachel. The selection of a name is of more consequence than you may imagine."

So she came to be Rachel. She made her *début* on the 25th of April, 1837, in a poor play, *La Vendeene*, written expressly for her. But few of the critics recognized her marvelous power. Jules Janin was the only one who hailed in proper terms the rising star. He takes to himself the credit of being the Rachel discoverer. Her success, however, was rapid. It may be estimated by her income. She began with a salary of 3000 francs per year. The next year the authorities of the theatre to which she was then attached voluntarily raised her stipend from 4000 to 20,000 francs; and finally, when acting independently, her income was estimated at 400,000 francs, or $80,000, per annum.

Mademoiselle Mars appears to have been one of the first to recognize her great genius. One who with her witnessed Rachel's *début*, says:

"When Camille appeared on the stage Mademoiselle Mars followed her attentively; then turning to me, she said, with a half nod and a sigh of hearty satisfaction, 'She walks well!' Those acquainted with the theatre well know what praise was contained in these simple words, especially from the lips of Mars. Sabine addresses a few words to Camille at the moment when the latter appears on the stage. Mademoiselle Rachel had not yet opened her lips, when Mars turned to me again, and regarding me with an air of personal triumph, said, 'And she listens well!' Listening well is the height of art which few actors possess—an art as difficult, more difficult, perhaps, than that of speaking well. Mademoiselle Mars was too profoundly, too delicately artistic not to seize with delight the slightest *nuances*. Camille spoke in her turn. She had scarcely uttered half a dozen lines when Mars exclaimed, with a satisfaction I shall never forget, and an indescribable feeling of relief, 'Ah! she does not declaim; she speaks!'"

In 1848 she first sang the *Marseillaise*. M. Lockroy relates the circumstance which led her to the attempt:

"One evening I was in Rachel's box, when she suddenly said, 'I have dreamed of something extraordinary, which will draw all Paris. I will sing the *Marseillaise*.' 'But I did not know you could sing.' 'No matter, I will make a *mélopée* of it. You shall come and hear it to-night; there will be only three or four of you present.' 'Then I am to announce that Mademoiselle Rachel will sing the *Marseillaise* at the Théâtre Française?' 'Certainly. Don't you think it will bring in money at a period when the theatres are deserted?' 'That depends; I must hear it first.' In short, when the performance was over we assembled in the green-room. With her family collected around her, and the tricolor flag in her hand, she began the celebrated song, which she had stealthily studied, verse by verse, note by note. All the world knows what she made of it. It was not singing, properly so called, but a recitation, in which the strength of accentuation and the power of expression supplied the want of melody. It made the hearers tremble and shudder. The success was as great as the conception was daring. The *Marseillaise* brought in as much money as an entire tragedy."

There was in her character a curious mixture of genuine liberality and benevolence, and Israelitish meanness. A young author, very poor, and yet enjoying a certain degree of poetical reputation, had completed a three-act comedy in verse. He presented it to the Théâtre Français, and it was rejected. The poet was in despair, when Rachel took him on one side. "I know an Englishman who has a mania for unpublished MSS.," she said to him; "will you let him have yours for 1000 francs?" The poet gladly consented; the actress gave him the money and kept him to dinner. A week later the MS. was magnificently bound and placed in her private library.

During the *coup d'état*, a critic, who had not always been kind to her, was gravely compromised. She heard of it, and never rested for two whole days until she had restored him to liberty—and to write against her still.

One day Rachel had a grand dinner party, and determined to do things in style. She called on a critic of her acquaintance to aid her in choosing her dessert. They went to Chevet's, where Rachel demanded all the finest fruit in and out of season. Just as she was going away, Chevet suggested that madame should have a pine-apple for the centre; but the price was too high; she agreed to hire it. The dinner was superb; for she did things right royally. Still, in a corner of her heart there was always a trace of that parsimony peculiar to her race. When the dessert was put on the table the pine-apple looked magnificent, and the critic maliciously suggested to the Duc de St. Teodoro that he should cut it. The Duc leaned over the table and thrust a sharp knife into the forbidden fruit, which he bore off in triumph. Mademoiselle Rachel saw the deed. She was struck by it as if a tragedy dagger had been suddenly thrust into her heart. She uttered a dolorous cry, and cast a fifth-act glance on the Duc. "Mademoiselle Rachel has, then, a pine-apple for a heart," said Ponsard. Nothing could restore her good-humor that evening. It could not be avarice, for the dinner had cost 1200 francs. It was rather an attack of the nerves.

Rachel received 500 francs premium for each occasion she thought proper to play more than twice a week. When the "Malade Imaginaire" was given, with the procession in which all the company defiles before the audience, she walked at the head to receive the applause of the public—and the 500 francs. The amount being at last disputed; she never appeared in the procession again; not even on the night of Molière's *fête*.

One of her companions at the Théâtre Français, a blonde with an angelic face, but terminating deplorably in enormous hands and feet, said one day before her in the green-room, "I adore Meudon—I have there a little *pied-à-terre*." "You!" Rachel exclaimed, with an indescribable air of mockery, which gained her three rounds of applause.

Among the letters of Mademoiselle Rachel, which are now seeing the light, is this one to a well-known Hebrew banker:

"Monsieur,—My friend M. asserts that I need only write *one word* to you to obtain for him fifty shares in the Austrian railways. If you will be kind enough to add fifty more for each extra word, the surplus will be for your ever devoted

"Rachel."

On one occasion she had to write a letter of thanks to the Home Minister, M. Baroche. Before sending it, she showed it to Arsene Houssaye, who advised her to recopy it, and correct some orthographical errors. "Oh, bah!" she replied, "let them stand. Thus my letter will appear all the more sincere."

Rachel was superstitious, and had an especial horror of dining thirteen at table. She herself told of such a dinner on occasion of the success of Victor Hugo's "Angelo." "What has become of the thirteen?" she asked. "Hugo and his wife at Jersey; Girardin and his wife—she is dead; Pradier is gone; Alfred de Musset, gone; Gérard de Nerval, suicide; Count D'Orsay, dead; my sister Rebecca, dead. I alone survive." And now she, too, is gone.

Miscellany.

FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Every school for young ladies rejoices in its teacher of drawing, painting, etc., as well as its teacher of music; and under the hands of these two individuals, the whole school, as a general thing, is desired to pass by teachers and parents. French is studied as an accomplishment. The result usually is, that when a young lady is "finished off," she can play six tunes on the piano; has executed three pieces of drawing or painting, which papa buys frames for, and hangs up in a parlor for exhibition to visitors; has done a little portfolio of water-colors, in which the teacher's hand is frequently visible; has learned to dance; and has achieved a free run of nineteen French phrases, which she could not pronounce correctly to save her life. So far there is nothing but show. Principles have not been comprehended, and she has in her hands nothing, not even the instruments for winning the accomplishments which she and her friends imagine she possesses. How many misses can sketch from nature? How many are taught to sketch thus? How many, who return home "accomplished," can sketch even the old domicile in which they were reared? How many can paint the tiger-lily that occupies a corner of the garden? How many can take a simple piece of music and play or sing it at sight? How many go on from the foothold they have achieved and become mistresses of the delightful art, soothing the husband when weary and alone, or entertaining his friends when they call upon him? How many read a French book after leaving school? We suppose not one in fifty. Their accomplishments are a gilded cheat. The money spent to obtain them is a dead loss, and the time which they have occupied should have been devoted to more solid studies, in which three-fourths are deficient, from the simple fact that their time has been so unprofitably occupied.

MARRIAGE.

A plea for marriage, if it required any, is to be found in the following passage from Dr. Hall's *Journal of Health*: "That the relation of marriage is the more natural condition of man, and, in the main, promotes happiness and long life, is demonstrated in the double fact, that unmarried adults do not live as long as an equal number of married people, and that there are more insane single persons in our asylums, in proportion, than of married."

BOOKS.

Do not fear being surrounded on all sides by wise and good books; fear only lest you slight or misemploy the wealth which they contain. Remember that the savage Australians ran for centuries over gold dust, and yet reaped no harvest. We certainly believe, then, that in itself a good library is a good thing, although in some cases it may be injurious to the possessor. The danger is obvious, and may be avoided. If, by the acquisition of many books, you cease deliberately and earnestly to think for yourself; if you are tempted to roam from subject to subject, glancing at it in a superficial and desultory manner, just to know what has been said upon it, your large library will become of little value. But if, with an honest intention, you have chosen a branch of study, convinced that for you it is the most appropriate, then oftentimes books apparently quite alien may be brought to bear upon it. One author may awaken suggestions, which, though leading you for a while beyond your own mental territory, may bring you back to it at last enriched and benefited. Another writer may give you exactly the facts you need, and a third the impulses and inducements without which your labors would be conducted feebly or not at all. One may brace you for mental conflict, another may soothe and refresh your spirit; and thus, if not wanting to yourself, all may be subservient to the end you have in view.

YOUNG WASHINGTON.

Himself of the most scrupulous gravity and good breeding, in his communication with other folks he appeared to exact, or, at any rate, to occasion, the same behavior. His nature was above levity and jokes; they seemed out of place when addressed to him. He was slow of comprehending them; and they slunk as it were abashed out of his society. "He always seemed great to me," says Harry Warrington, in one of his letters many years after the date of which we are writing; "and I never thought of him otherwise than of a hero. When he came over to Castlewood and taught us boys surveying, to see him riding to hounds was as if he was charging an army. If he fired a shot I thought the bird must come down, and if he flung a net the largest fish in the river were sure to be in it. His words were always few, but they were always wise; they were not idle, as our words are; they were grave, sober, and strong, and ready on occasion to do their duty. In spite of his antipathy to him, my brother respected and admired the General as much as I did—that is to say, more than any mortal man."—*The Virginians, by Thackeray.*

CURIOUS CUSTOM IN BURMAH.

"On the 12th of April, the last day of the Burman year, we were invited by the Maywoon (*i. e.*, Viceroy of Pegu) to bear a part ourselves in a sport that is universally practiced throughout the Burman dominions on the concluding day of their annual cycle, to wash away the impurities of the past, and commence the new year free from stain; women on this day are accustomed to throw water on every man they meet, which the men have the privilege of retorting. This license gives rise to a great deal of harmless merriment, particularly among the young women, who, armed with large syringes and flagons, endeavor to wet every man that goes along the street, and in their turn receive a wetting with perfect good-humor. Nor is the smallest indecency ever manifested in this or any other of their sports. Dirty water is never cast."

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO.

The *Revue Contemporaine* contains a second paper by M. Cotte on the social state of Morocco, from which we condense the following harrowing picture of the condition of the Israelites in that unhappy country: "The Jews are considered by the Mussulmans of Morocco in the light of unclean animals and of enemies of God, and if they do not exterminate them it is only because they are useful, and because true believers have a right to turn every thing to account. Indeed, were the Jewish population suddenly removed from the country, such an event would be a public calamity of incalculable magnitude; for it is the Jew alone who can mend a lock, build a house, make gold and silver trinkets, coin money, decorate a room, or weave silk, all such handicrafts being regarded by the Mussulman with supreme contempt. Even the Sultan himself is obliged to have recourse to them for the collection of taxes or negotiations with Christians. Slaves in appearance, the Jews possess in reality all that power which superior talent and cunning can confer. Every night the Jews are shut up in a particular quarter inclosed with a wall, and it is only after sunrise they are allowed to enter the Mussulman town, where they have their shops. The Jewish quarter is called 'Mellah,' which means a place of damnation. Tangier alone has none, because that town is already 'defiled' by the presence of the Christian consuls. The Jew is obliged to wear black clothes, that color being the emblem of misfortune and malediction. If he passes before a mosque, a zaouia or chapel, or if he meet a holy man, a marabout, or a sherif, he must take off his shoes and carry them in his hand until he has passed them. They are not allowed to cross a Mussulman cemetery, and their women are publicly flogged on the slightest pretense by a Mussulman woman, specially designed for this function, and who is called the *ahrifa*. If a Mussulman strike a Jew, the latter is not permitted to defend himself otherwise than by flight or stratagem. Mussulman children, not more than eight or ten years old, may sometimes be seen beating and throwing stones at vigorous young Jews twice their size and age; they bite them, box their ears, scratch them; and yet the unfortunate Israelites, with agony depicted on their faces, dare not retaliate, and limit all their defense to endeavors to escape from their tormentors. When the Sultan passes through a town the Jews of the place are obliged to offer him rich and magnificent presents. Yet, with all this burden of servitude upon them, they never abjure their faith; but this constancy, certainly commendable in itself, is coupled with the grossest ignorance and superstition. The creed they are taught is this—that God has dispersed them for a time, and that they must bend under his wrath until all the nations of the globe have passed over them; but that the day will come when they shall all be reassembled in the land of their fathers, and be powerful as before. Meanwhile, all that the other nations possess they have been unjustly deprived of, and they therefore have a right to get possession of it again by any stratagem they can devise. They hate the Christians quite as much as the Mussulmans, although the little protection they enjoy at Tangier is due to the Christian consuls. When a Christian enters the house of a protected Jew he is received with every mark of hospitality; but no sooner is his back turned than the glass out of which he has drunk is broken into pieces, and every thing he has touched is subjected to a rigorous purification, performed with many complicated ceremonies. A Jewish servant will not eat the meat she has cooked for a Christian, although bought at a Jewish butcher's, because it has been cooked in Christian vessels.

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

I remember, when a boy, walking with an elderly gentleman, and passing a broker's stall; there was the portrait of a fine florid gentleman in regimentals. He stopped to look at it—he might have bought it for a few shillings. After we had gone away—"That," said he, "is the portrait of my wife's uncle—member for the county, and colonel of militia: you see how he is degraded to these steps!" "Why do you not rescue him?" said I. "Because he left me nothing," was the reply. A relative of mine, an old lady, hit upon a happy device; the example is worth following. Her husband was the last of his race, for she had no children. She took all the family portraits out of their frames, rolled up all the pictures, and put them in the coffin with the deceased.

GOLDSMITH AND GRAY.

Sweet odors and bright colors swiftly pass—
Swiftly as breath upon a looking-glass.
Byron, the school-girl's pet, has lived his day,
And the tall May-pole scarce remembers May.
Thou, Nature, bloomest in perennial youth—
Two only are eternal—thou and Truth.
Who walks not with thee thro' the dim church-yard?
Who wanders not with Erin's wandering bard?
Who sits not down with Auburn's pastor mild
To take upon his knee the shyest child?
These in all hearts will find a kindred place,
And live the last of our poetic race.

Walter Savage Landor.

I AND THOU.

Attachments between friends and lovers can not be secured strongly, and perpetually augmenting, except by the intervention of some interest which is not *personal*, but which is common to them both, and toward which their attentions and passions are directed with still more animation than toward each other. If the whole attention is to be directed, and the whole sentimentalism of the heart concentrated, on each other; if it is to be an unvaried "*I toward you and you toward me*," as if each were to the other not an ally or companion joined to pursue happiness but the very end and object—happiness itself; if it is the circumstance of reciprocation itself, and not what is reciprocated, that is to supply perennial interest to affection; if it is to be mind still reflecting back the gaze of mind, and reflecting it again, cherub toward cherub, as in the ark, and no luminary or glory between them to supply beams and warmth to both—the hope will disappoint, the plan will fail. Affection, on these terms, will be reduced to the condition of a famishing animal's stomach, the opposite sides of which, for want of pabulum introduced, meet and digest and consume each other. Attachment must burn in oxygen, or it will go out; and by oxygen is meant a mutual admiration and pursuit of virtue, improvement, utility, the pleasures of taste, or some other interesting concern, which shall be the element of their commerce, and make them love each other, not only *for* each other, but as devotees to some third object which they both adore. The affections of the soul will feel a dissatisfaction, a recoil, if, as they go forth, they are entirely intercepted and stopped by any object that is not *ideal*; they wish rather to be like rays of light glancing on the side of an object, and then sloping and passing away; they wish the power of elongation, through a series of interesting objects, on toward infinity. Human society is a vast circle of beings on a plain, in the midst of which stands the shrine of goodness and happiness, inviting all to approach. Now the attached pairs in this circle should not be continually looking on each other, but should turn their faces very often toward this central object, and as they advance they will, like radii from the circumference to the centre, continually become closer to each other as they approximate to their mutual and ultimate object.

POVERTY AND GENIUS.

The history of those who, by their genius and untiring energy, have taken the sting from poverty and won for themselves a place in the catalogue of the illustrious, must ever be interesting to the sons of toil. The greatness of real worth belongs to such characters; apart from high birth and proudly-swelling titles, from the splendor of wealth and station, and frequently without the advantages of early education, the children of penury have marched on to honor, patiently triumphing over the obstacles which impeded their progress. The working man may well glory in the new and noble aristocracy which his gifted companions at the loom, the plow, and the anvil have helped to establish, and be stimulated by their example to show himself worthy of the fraternity to which he belongs.

COMPENSATION FOR GROWING OLD.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older—that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain: so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life, because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blind worm under a stone.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

Life is sad, because we know it,
  Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—
  Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
  Neither Death, for that's unknown:
Courage, Patience—these are virtues
  Which for many sins atone:
Who has these—and have not I?—
He is fit to live and die!

THE SPIDER.

The worst thing about this poor animal is that it is so thoroughly ugly. In it nature has sacrificed every thing to the formation of the industrial machine necessary for satisfying its wants. Of a circular form, furnished with eight legs, and eight vigilant eyes, it astonishes (and disgusts) us by the pre-eminence of an enormous abdomen. Ignoble trait! in which the inattentive and superficial observer will see nothing but a type of gluttony. Alas! it is quite the contrary. This abdomen is its workshop, its magazine, the pocket in which the rope-maker keeps his stock, but as he fills this pocket with nothing but his own substance, he can only increase it at his own expense by means of a rigid sobriety. True type of the artisan. "If I fast to-day," he says, "I shall, perhaps, get something to eat to-morrow, but if my manufacture be stopped, every thing is lost, and my stomach will have to fast forever." In character the spider is watchful and cunning, in disposition timid, uneasy, and nervous, being endowed with a more sensitive nature than is possessed by any other insect. These characteristics are the natural result, M. Michelet believes, of its miserable condition, which is a state of constant, passive, weary waiting. To be forever watching the ceaseless, joyous, careless dances of the fly, which pays no attention to the greedy desires of its enemy, or the gentle whispers of, "Will you walk into my parlor, will you, will you?" is to be in a state of constant torment, to be continually undergoing a succession of hopes and mortifications. The fatal question, "Shall I get any dinner?" is continually presenting itself to the dweller in the web, followed by the still more sinister reflection, "If I have no dinner to-day, then no more thread, and still less hope of dining to-morrow." The male spider often makes a meal of his progeny, while the female loves them so tenderly that if she can not save them in circumstances of peril, she prefers to perish with them. The love which she bears to her little ones, she does not extend toward her mate; sometimes, after having in vain attempted to prevent him from devouring their offspring, the idea appears suddenly to present itself to her mind that the cannibal is himself good for food, on which she instantly falls upon him and eats him up.

PARISIAN SUPERSTITION.

A CURIOUS piece of statistics is furnished by some of the Paris papers. It is observed that on a Friday the omnibus circulation of Paris diminishes in a proportion of twenty-five per cent.—proving how strong is the superstitious avoidance of doing any thing that can be helped on that day. It is also further remarked that when the Friday happens to fall on the 13th day of the month the omnibus receipts decrease at the rate of fifty per cent.

THIRST WORSE THAN HUNGER.

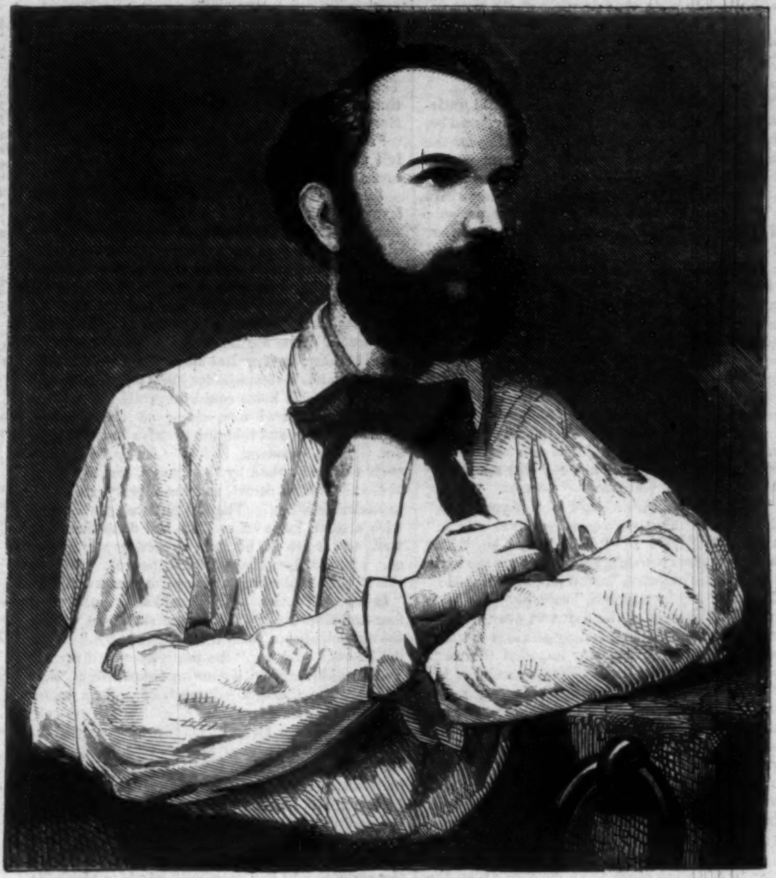
THAT disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of Raging Thirst is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason: During abstinence from food the organism can still live upon its own substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is perhaps the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst: and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta.

MAN THE DESTROYER OF MAN'S WORKS.

"FANCY what we should have had around us now," says Ruskin, "if, instead of quarreling and fighting over their work, the nations had aided each other in their work, or if, even in their conquests, instead of effacing the memorials of those they succeeded and subdued, they had guarded the spoils of their victories! Fancy what Europe would be now, if the delicate statues and temples of the Greeks—if the broad roads and massy walls of the Romans—if the noble and pathetic architecture of the Middle Ages had not been ground to dust by mere human rage! You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time—I tell you, Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish; ourselves who consume: we are the mildew and the flame—and the soul of man is to its own work as the moth that frets when it can not fly, and as the hidden flame that blasts where it can not illumine. All these lost treasures of human intellect have been wholly destroyed by human industry of destruction: the marble would have stood its two thousand years as well in the polished statue as in the Parian cliff; but we men have ground it to powder and mixed it with our own ashes. The walls and the ways would have stood—it is we who have left not one stone upon another, and restored its pathlessness to the desert: the great cathedrals of old religion would have stood—it is we who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers, and bid the mountain grass bloom upon the pavement, and the sea-winds chant in the galleries!"

REMEMBER PROSPERITY!

"WE write," said good Bishop Hall, "our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memories serve us too well to remember the latter, but we are strangely forgetful of the former." Many people would seem to have a singular preference for misery.



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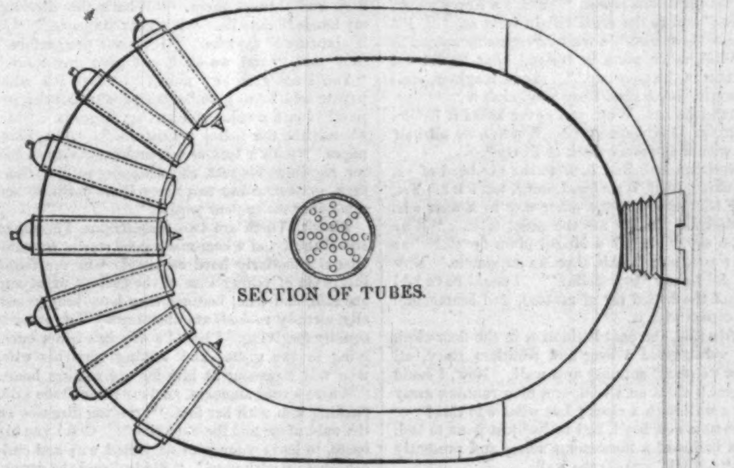
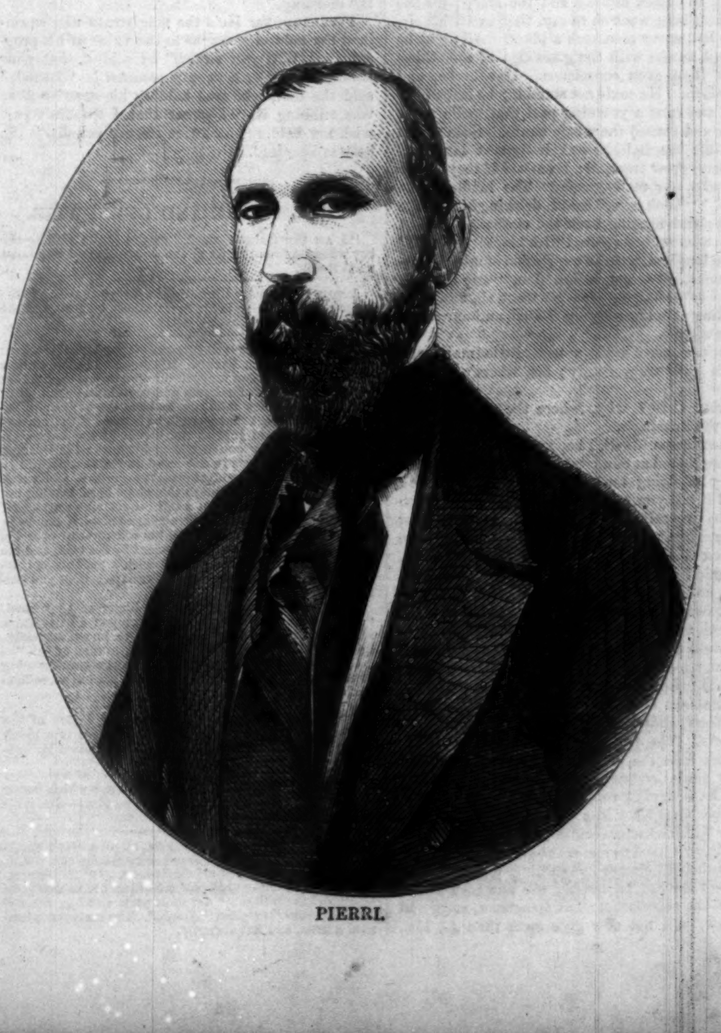


A represents the tubes, each of which had twenty-five barrels filled with explosive materials.

REPRESENTATION OF ONE OF THE GRENADES USED IN THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE FRENCH EMPEROR.



PIERRI.

THE FRENCH ASSASSINS.

As the trial of the persons who attempted to assassinate the Emperor of the French will be reported in the papers by the time this journal sees the light, we have thought our readers would like to see portraits of the two leaders—Orsini and Pierri. We have likewise engraved a sketch of the instrument by which it was intended to destroy the Emperor.

For the benefit of those readers who have not followed the history of the affair with attention we may say, briefly, that on the evening of 14th January, as the Emperor and Empress were driving through the Rue Lepelletier, Paris, to the Academy of Music, a sudden explosion was heard. The Imperial coachman, suspecting the truth, whipped up his horses, and the carriage rolled on without injury. A second explosion, occurring almost immediately afterward, killed one of the horses, and checked the progress of the vehicle. And a third, which followed at an interval of a few seconds, burst directly under the carriage, and wounded every body in it except the persons whom it was designed to kill. From fifty to sixty persons were wounded by these various explosions, seven or eight of whom are either dead or dying. Exact figures can not be had; it is the policy of the French Government to conceal facts.

Four persons have been arrested on the charge of having discharged the projectiles which were intended to kill the Emperor. These are Felice Orsini, Pierri, Rudio, and Gomez. The accounts in the French papers are so suspicious and conflicting that it is not easy to compile an exact statement of the facts. It appears, however, that Gomez was the servant of Orsini; that Rudio, who is quite a young man, has turned State's evidence against his comrades, and revealed the plot; and that the two others, Orsini and Pierri, were the life and soul of it.

The life of Felice Orsini was told in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1857. He seems to belong to that singular class of Europeans who are the progeny of despotic institutions. From the time he began to think and act he was a conspirator. He conspired against the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He conspired against the Pope, was imprisoned ever so many years for his pains, and finally regained his liberty under cover of some general amnesty. He conspired against the Austrian Government, was caught, imprisoned in the fortress of Mantua, and sentenced to death. His companion and friend, Calvi, who was incarcerated with him, was executed. He was more fortunate. By dint of unusual good fortune, ingenuity, and hard labor, he contrived to work his way out of his prison; and though he sprained his ankle so severely by falling into the ditch of the fortress, in making his escape, that when he regained his freedom he could hardly make use of it, he still managed, somehow, to make his way to England. There he published one or two books about himself and his wonderful adventures; and for a time he was a lion in revolutionary circles.

Poverty seems to have been his trouble. In London he eked out a livelihood by writing his books and translating for the papers; but, if common report be true, his funds were very low when he fell in with Pierri at Birmingham.

Pierri, like Orsini, was a born conspirator. The earlier years of his manhood he spent obscurely; the only thing that can be safely said of him is that he did not follow any honest avocation. In 1848 he loomed up as a republican and a soldier; his military aptitude and his fame as a demagogue procured him a commission as Colonel in the Italian Legion. The French authorities assert that during his stay in his native country he committed several murders; that he killed, among other persons, an unfortunate priest who had evinced a fatherly affection for a lady with whom he was acquainted. However this be, there can be little doubt but Pierri, like Orsini, was, in his exile at Birmingham, extremely embarrassed in his circumstances, and ready for any change in the political affairs in the Continent.

It was in the peaceful manufacturing town of Birmingham that the plot was matured. Rudio, another of the culprits, had married an English girl, and seems to have been living at Nottingham upon her wages at the time he was admitted to the confidence of Pierri and Orsini. The three conspired together, and laid their plans after the true Italian method. No one of them, it seems, had sufficient common sense or reliance upon himself to provide himself with a reliable rifle and to undertake to do the deed singly. They agreed to share the peril and to strike the blow in such a way as to leave the largest room for failure in their immediate aim, and the least room for their own escape.

They provided themselves with projectiles of cast iron, pear shaped, and from four to five inches in diameter at the widest part. Our engraving will give a better idea of these implements than any description could. At the lower part seven tubes will be seen, each perforated by fifteen barrels; each of which was filled with explosive materials. Thus each explosion may have thrown out messengers of death enough to kill fifty persons.

The rest is easily told. We have given in former numbers of the *Weekly* the account of the tragic affair; we have described how the Emperor, when his horses were lying dead, and every one around him was wounded, quietly remarked to the police-agent who opened his carriage door—"*Mon cher*, if you want me to get out you had better let down the steps;" how the Empress preserved her equanimity and sat in the front row at the Opera, applauding the singers and entering into the spirit of the music as though nothing had happened; how the Chief of Police had so thoroughly taken his measures (too late, as usual), that when a high functionary exhorted him to clear the street of "that crowd of by-standers," he was able to reply sarcastically, "Monsieur, all those are my people," *i. e.* police-agents in disguise; how Pierri, who, enthusiastic simpleton, had merely been an interested spectator, exclaimed to the police-sergeant when he heard the first bomb go off—"Now you may take me where you please; the blow is struck!" how Orsini's detention was caused by the officiousness of his faithful servant Gomez, whose anxiety about his master aroused the suspicions of the police; finally, how the soldiers of the French army availed themselves of the accident to give expression to their cry for vengeance—not against the assassins, but against England; while Monsieur de Morny and his friends took the same opportunity of screwing a little tighter the imperial yoke round the neck of the press and people of France. All this the attentive reader of the news department of the *Weekly* has heard already.

One thing—which may lead to some curious developments when the case comes on for trial—is the abundance of money found on the persons and in the possession of the prisoners. Orsini had over a thousand dollars in gold and bank-notes; Pierri was equally well provided. How came they by this money? It would really seem as though they had accomplices who agreed to supply the funds for their criminal enterprise.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine—
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night, for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
One shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, O tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy, tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay.

Lives there, within thy nature hid,
The demon-spirit, Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou, had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou—
Oh, surely thou, wilt warn me now!

PADDY AND I.

When I heard a grave gentleman-like man, at the Ballybrogue Station of the Great Punster Railway, say to a friend, who asked him how he should spend the half-hour he would have to wait, that he should spend it thinking of all the kind things he (the friend) had been saying to him, I said, "*The Irish are a polite people.*"

When I saw, at a Dublin theatre, the whole house to a man get on their legs, and howl at the manager because he wouldn't introduce a national jig in the Middle of *La Sonnambula*, I said, "*The Irish are an excitable people.*"

When a Killarney guide swore to me on the tomb of his grandmother that there was a small lake up in Mullacap, county Kerry, which contained a giant eel, that swam twice round the inclosure every day at two o'clock, with a pan of old gould tied to his tail, I said, "*The Irish are a superstitious people.*"

When a Tipperary landlord, in a Galway railway carriage, told me he was surnamed "the Woodcock," because he had been shot at so often by the "noblest tinantry" and missed, I said, "*The Irish are a revengeful people.*"

When I saw my friend Mike Rooney's best blue breeches stuffed into his window to keep out the rain, I said, "*The Irish are a thoughtless people.*"

And, lastly, when I refused the beggar-woman at Castlebar a half-penny, and she ironically hoped "the Lord would make my bed that night in heaven," I said, "*The Irish are a witty people.*"

But this is nothing to do with my story; for what I want to say is, that I got into Westport on the fair-day and the sessions-day, and found the coffee-room full of bagmen and sessions people, just hot from a case in which an action had been brought against the owners of a steamer for putting a cargo of eggs with which they had been intrusted too near the funnel, in consequence of which half the eggs had been hatched and half addled. I first threw myself heart and soul among the bagmen; those whom I chiefly valued were a big-headed elephantine Smith, in the hardware way, and Fitzgibbons, an invalid—a neat-featured droll Dublin man—very full of anecdote. Thus we began:

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" said Fitzgibbons, the Dublin bagman, to the big-headed gentleman in the hardware line.

Smith had thrust his hands in his pocket, shut up with a bang the order-book, in which he was making memoranda of the day's work, stretched out his shapely legs, and seemed entirely intent in staring with a Quaker-like concentration at the tips of his boots.

"I tell you what it is," said Smith, moodily, "I can't get on without my claret."

"The house is going to rack and ruin since Proger's death," said a neat bandbox man in the floor-cloth line.

"Oh, you shouldn't be hard on the house. They do their best," said the full-whiskered neat-featured Fitzgibbons. "Have you ever heard, Smith, that story of Dwyer, the Dublin 'beak?'"

"No," said Smith, not yet rallying from the effect of the absence of his favorite wine, but wishing to be amused.

I was somewhat tired of the endless ceremonial of "Mr. President, may I be permitted," "Mr. Vice, I am intruding, I fear, on your province," and bridled up to hear the story which the eccentric dispenser of justice had himself told Fitzgibbons.

"Fill your tumbler, old fellow, before you begin," said Smith.

"Thank you, old boy," said Fitz, twisting his mouth into an elongated tube adapted for probationship in "screeching" hot whisky and aqua.

"I'll tell you the story, boys, as the ould jintleman himself told it me. 'The other day,' said he, in his own mealy brogue, 'as I was sitting for the administration of justice on my judgment-sate in Ormond Street, a little boy was brought up before me charged with robbing an orchard out somewhere by Donnybrook. The case was clearly proved; and the keeper of the nursery-garden deposed that the boy was an old offender, and that he had visited the place so often that he had cleared it of every sort of fruit. Having no pity on such villainous young marauders found guilty upon the clearest possible evidence, I sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, not forgetting to add the usual whipping—the peculiar prerogative of juvenile offenders. Just as I had delivered this sentence with a solemn air, I looked in a dignified way round the court, and to my surprise observed the old gardener, who lingered in the witness-box, standing there still, and pulling down his forelock as if he wanted to speak to me, and had something on his mind. "If you plase—" he said. "What are you wanting, fellow?" said I. "If you plase," said the man, "I've got a peculiar favor to ask." "What is it?" said I. "Why," said he, "if it plase your honor's worship, that I may see the little boy receive his sentence." "What, be whipped?" said I. "Yes; be whipped," said he. Well, as soon as the business of the day was over, I went down into the back-court, feeling anxious to know what sort of morbid curiosity impelled the man. When I got there, the little boy was receiving his first lash, and I saw him, all in a shivering heap, cramming his dirty knuckle into the extreme corner of his left eye; and there, in the corner, stood the prosecutor looking on and rubbing his hands as if it was, 'pon my sowl, the Royal Theatre he had got a dress-box in. Well, I watched him; and before the whip could come down again on the poor little divil's dirty hide, he goes up to the urchin, and giving him a dig in his very small ribs, cries out, "There's a Mogul plum for ye;" and the next time the whip came down, he goes up on the other side, and cries, "There's a jargonelle for ye;" and the third time it was, "There's a Kerry pippin for ye;" and so the cruel villain went on, till, I'll be bail, there wasn't a fruit or vegetable known in Paradise, much more in Ireland, that he did not mention to the poor boy.'" (Loud laughter, etc.)

Smith. It's a good story now, ain't it?

Fitzgibbons. Why, you never heard it before.

Smith. Och, haven't I? Weren't we all half kilt with it the other week at Derry?

Fitzgibbons. Bad luck to the big head of ye, so I did. Well, it's a good story, ain't it? Yet, hang it, I towld it the other day to a man who couldn't for the life see the point of it. "Why did he say, 'There's a Mogul plum for ye?'" he kept repeating; "'Ah, there's a jargonelle.' Now why did he say 'jargonelle?'" I could have laid hold of the boiled leg of mutton, and beaten him into capers with it.

After this, the neat little man in the floor-cloth way volunteered a long and pointless story, all about "*a clock*" running up a wall. Now, I could imagine a clock on a wall, or a man running away over a wall with a clock; but what was this?

It was a new hotel, and he had just gone to bed, when he heard a mysterious noise, and presently saw "a clock" run up the wall.

"A clock?" said I, unable to contain my amazement.

Smith. Oh, they call them in England beetles.

Well, the clock did not end the story; for the small neat man went on to say, that in all his circuit he had never seen such a place. All night he was kept awake with the gnawings of something sharper than even conscience. Day broke, and yet no sleep. He could not stand it; he leaped out of bed, and rang a yawning peal that made night hideous and roused the whole house. Soon at his door came the half-dressed indignant landlord. Our friend grew tranquil; he asked if they'd any toast-and-water ready made? The landlord was furious. "Look here," said I, drawing him to the bedside; and flinging back the clothes, I showed him the white sheets spotted with black. "Lord!" says the landlord, with an expression of mingled astonishment, pity, and indignation, "*why it's only a parcel of bed-bugs;*" and he went shuffling off, grumbling at being rung up at such an hour about so mere a trifle.

Fitzgibbons. That's a neat little mare you drive in your trap, Grady; but where's the cob gone?

Grady. Gone? why, where the good niggers go—to the knacker's.

Fitzgibbons. Well, I hope you sent him to our ingenious friend at Sandymount. You have heard his way of doing business, haven't you? No? Well, I'll tell you. When a man takes his horse there, he generally leaves him in the yard, panting and wheezing, while he goes into Geoghean, in the little box of a counting-house, where he finds him, pen behind his ear, running his finger down a ledger, and sharper than a Tipperary fox. They can not come to terms at all. Our friend asks £3; Geoghean won't give more than £2 2*s.*, and wants the harness in besides. At last, in a tiff, off goes the owner to get up in his cart and whip home again. In the mean time, however, Geoghean has slyly sent out one of his men to knock the beast on the head, and there he lies stone-dead between the shafts. The owner does not know what to do. He won't take the price; but he can not get the carcass home, and when he does, it won't keep. While he is trying to flog his brains for a plan, out comes Geoghean in a burning storming rage, threatens him with prosecution, orders him directly with his own hand to remove that carrion from his yard, or he will charge five shillings for every hour it is kept there. In despair, the mortified owner reopens the negotiation; but Geoghean, stern and obdurate, will not now give more than £1 15*s.*, and at that miserable and insufficient price the bargain is closed.

Smith. "And mighty ingenious too. The *coup-de-grace* most judiciously applied. (Seriously.) This house isn't as it used to be in Rooney's time: there was no talk of a gentleman wanting claret then."

Fitzgibbons. "Och, man, never mind the claret; tell us the story of how you took in the Dublin carman."

Smith. Oh, it's not worth the telling. It was last year I was coming home from my circuit, and I arrived by the seven o'clock train at the Drogheda station in Dublin. I thought I would have some fun, for I had a white hat on at the time, and looked mighty like a tracker (pedestrian); so I went staring about the station, and called for a jaunting-car. Three men ran up, whip in hand: one would drive me for nothing, and give me a dram besides; another had a horse that would make the tay-kettle's steam-boiler burst; a third would go bail that his horse could drive all the rest before him. I hired one, clung on the side-seat like a stranger, and told him to drive to the Gresham. "The Gresham, is it?" Away he went—such a drive! round by the Quays, and the Phœnix, and Grafton Street, and the Liberty, and back to Sackville Street. Then he pulls up at the lamp with a start, leaps off as if he had done the thing well, and waits for his fare, expecting a crown or so. I handed him the statute sixpence. "What's this?" said he, looking at it as if it was a bad one. "Is it bad?" said I. "No," said he, "but I want four-and-tinpence." "For one set down within the municipalities," said I, "fare, sixpence." "Oh, by Jabers," said he, "the mealy-mouthed rascal! To the ould Harry with your municipalities! Sorra to your big head, if I didn't take ye for a *rowler* (tourist)!" (Laughter.)

I. They tell a story in Dublin of a magistrate there who has a peculiar mission for putting down carmen. His object in life is to check extortion; he lives to suppress carmen. One day he sent his little girls to school in a car, putting them in at the turnpike to save over-fare, and directing them with many precautions to get out this side the municipal boundary. When they get out, they hand the carman, who had prepared himself to pluck his young fare, sixpence. The carman looked at it first, and then at them. "What's this dirtying my hands?" says he. "It's your sixpence." "Is it sixpence?" says he. "It's your proper fare," they said, "and we shall not give any more." "You'll not give any mere?" "No; it's what papaw told us to give." "And who is your papaw?" (with a voice of drawling disgust). "Mr. Flannigan, the police magistrate." "Mr. Flannigan!" (with a look of discomfiture rising to terror, regaining his seat, and whipping off). "Och! then, good-morning to ye, my little darlints, and remember me to your papaw."

Smith. There are two magistrates, Flannigan and Flaherty, of whom many good stories are told. One is peculiarly hard on people who are found incapable of taking care of themselves or of any one else, and who, because they have been generally already robbed, are also fined. The other is equally forgiving. I heard a drunken fellow once, lying in the gutter and talking with his wife, who was swearing at him for not coming home. "Where's your manners, ye dirty baste!" she said, pushing him with her foot, "bringing disgrace on the ould name and the ould blood! Och! you big baste, to leave your poor neglected wife and childer—get up with you!" "Biddy," said the drunken vagabond from the kennel, "for the love of the Virgin and St. Patrick, just rowl me over to Flannigan's side of the street, and I'll be all right in the morning."

Fitzgibbons. He's the magistrate who examined the man of straw as to the value of his property. "Will you swear," he said, "that your holdings are worth twenty pounds?" "Bedad," said the bail, who was holding his nose as if he was rubbing it, "I swear that I wouldn't part with my holdings for twice twenty pounds." So he was admitted.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy when he found it hid in the wood pile and wondered what it was.

A man who fancies himself funny, says that Iago's description of Roderigo is the first instance on record of the manufacture of a Venetian blind.

Old Deacon Biggs is as remarkable for his closeness as was Dickens's man, Barkis. His name has come to be a proverb in our region for such an economy as ever makes a man the subject of ridicule and contempt. One bitter cold morning, a few falls ago, he bade the boys drive together all the pigs that were to be fatted for the market into the little yard just at the corner of the house. A pig was caught by one of the youngsters; the Deacon, with a pair of pincers in one hand and a sharp knife in the other, seized the unfortunate by the tail, and cut it off, *close up.* So on through the whole herd, leaving not a pig with even a stump of a tail. Cort, who worked for his grandfather, stood by in amazement—his hands in his pockets, his toes turned in, his old fur cap over his ears, his body warped into a crescent by the cold, and his teeth jawing against the outrage with a prodigious clatter. At last he stuttered out, "Grandpa! what you cuttin' off those tails for?"

Sober and solemn was Deacon Biggs as he replied, "You never will be a rich man, for you do not know what it is to be savin'. You ought to know, my child, that *it takes a bushel of corn to fatten an inch of tail.*"

Cort has gone to the West, and, in the corn-growing bottoms of Michigan, has taken to the raising of tailless porkers.

A contemporary inquires if the young ladies of the present day are fitted for wives? We think it a much more important inquiry whether they are fitted for husbands.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

In a restaurant in Philadelphia, about a week ago, a man entered a stall and ordered sausages for one. This was during the horse-beef excitement. On the appearance of the smoking sausages, careful of his stomach, he addressed them thus: "Art thou pork and hog meat?" And the sausages replied "Neigh." The customer whinnied a little, and left abruptly.

"Thank God," exclaimed Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed; "if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

Jenkins was noted for his courage and his vixen of a wife. He was not afraid of man or of his wife either. His friends had often tried to scare him but had always failed. His wife's brother tried one night, fixed himself up in the most ghostly style possible, and stationed himself in a lonely piece of wood through which Jenkins had to pass on his way home. The pretended ghost had scarcely settled himself in his position, when Jenkins hove in sight, and came whistling along unconcerned as usual. Suddenly the ghostly figure confronted him, and in a sepulchral voice commanded him to stop. Jenkins did so, and after regarding his companion for a moment, said, with the utmost coolness:

"I can't stop, friend; if you are a man, I must request you to get out of the way and let me pass; if you are the devil, come along and take supper with me—*I married your sister.*"

A young farmer, not over well-stocked with brains, nor overrich in this world's goods, had come to that crisis in life when he was sure he must commence "a double-barreled" existence, or "spile." Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, in the shape of a rough board cabin, and a "Barkis who was willin," he borrowed a horse and wagon, and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and the minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited upon the minister, and the swain, explaining the necessities of his case, demanded to know "How much the swindle would be?" The minister replied that the fee was usually measured by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthodox. This was beyond "the pile" of the farmer, but, nothing discouraged, he said: "Now see here, old fellow! I hain't got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as much as that will come to, and we'll come again for the balance." The minister could not resist the entreaty, and married the parties so effectually that they never returned for the other fifty cents' worth.

There is a new town out in the Northwest called Barton (contract of Beartown). At this point a post-office has been established; the route extends some distance beyond, and there are several offices farther on. Soon after the establishment of the office at Barton, the postmasters beyond began to be troubled by a strange irregularity in the mails. This week, one thing would be missing; the next, some other package would be *non est;* and quite often letters for B. would have to be sent back. This state of affairs became unendurable; and Agent Hall was sent on to investigate the matter. He went straight to Barton, where he found the post-office in the back room of a little grocery. It was about time for the mail to arrive, and he took a seat in the grocery, where a plump and good-natured woman, well in years, and possessed of a "rich brogue," attended behind the counter, dealing out small quantities of beer, cheese, cakes, peanuts, etc., etc., to a company of loungers, who seemed to wait for some event.

Hall bought a quantity of pea-nuts, and treated the crowd to beer, by which course he succeeded in removing all suspicions which his decent garb had created against him. Soon the stage drove up; the mail-bag was thrown out; the lady picked it up, and retreated to the back room, followed by the crowd—including Hall, who blocked up the door.

After opening the bag, and turning its contents on the floor, the postmistress produced a box, and deliberately proceeded to measure out a peck of miscellaneous matter from the pile on the floor. Having done this, she commenced returning the rest, when Hall found his tongue.

"Why, what *are* you doing there?" he contrived to stammer out.

"Indade," said the postmistress, looking up, "it's changing the mail that I am."

"But how do you know that you get the right matter? Why don't you look it over and select your own?"

"Faith an' it's a fool's job you'd be afther havin' me do," replied her "leddyship." "I can't read niver a blessed bit of ritin', an' when my son Jem (he's had school larnin') isn't here, *I jest measures out about our sheer, an' we divides 'em.*"

We lately heard a vulgar politician boast upon the stump that he and Daniel Webster once staid over night at the same public house. It must have been a house of "entertainment for man and beast."

Said old Mrs. Philanthropy, the other day, accosting a precocious urchin in the street with a wardrobe remarkable for its ventilating advantages, "Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trowsers?" "Oh, you git eout, old 'oman," was the respectful reply, "our folks is economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch any day." The old lady's honest sympathy was wasted, while youngster beat a retreat round the corner.

"I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me."

The daughter of a clergyman happened to find the above sentence at the close of a piece of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added:

"Them's my sentiments exactly—all but the pains."

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes the following amusing apple feat:

"I can not help telling you a little incident of Secretary Toucey's reception. One of the guests, a gentleman, having a lady on his arm, took from the table a large, fine apple probably for the little ones at home, and his coat sleeves being large, he secreted it in the sleeve of his right arm. Unfortunately he forgot the circumstance just at the very moment he should not, for in making his retiring bow he gave a flourish of his arm and pitched the apple almost in the Secretary's face! It bounded and rolled away till it lodged under some lady's crinoline, while the poor gentleman looked as much mortified and astonished as if he had accidentally fired a bomb-shell in the parlor. This incident was too ludicrous for gravity, and even the grave and dignified Secretary was forced into a broad smile, which expanded into a grin all around the parlor. Some wag scrambled to get the apple, and restored it to the discomfited gentleman, who then incontinently took himself off."

There is no grave so desolate that flowers will not at least spring on it.

"There now!" cried a little niece of ours, while rummaging a drawer in a bureau, "there now, grandpa has gone to Heaven without his spectacles. What *will* he do?" And shortly afterward, when another aged relative was supposed to be sick unto death, in the house, she came running to his bedside, with the glasses in her hand, and an errand on her lips—

"You goin' to die?"

"They tell me so."

"Goin' to Heaven?"

"I hope so."

"Well, here are grandpa's spectacles. Won't you take them to him?"

The following epitaph, found on a tombstone in Oxford, New Hampshire, may not be superlatively ludicrous, but it certainly is "some:"

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped *him.* The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's superior manhood. He said: "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow. He can vip his own taddy."

Marriageable young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writing from that section to his father, says: "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth, and send them out."

Good manners—the art of making those people easy with whom we converse. Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

A lady writes us a communication in which she says that men who are constantly regretting that women are not better educated for the discharge of household duties ought to reflect on their own shortcomings, and avers that not one man in ten can carve a turkey gracefully, and not one in twenty knows how to dissect a duck. She wants a carving school established. As this would be a pretext for "gander parties," we shall not advocate the project, though we should like to give a lesson upon any kind of fowl that may be supplied at short notice.

Plutarch speaks of the long white beard of an old Laconian, who, on being asked why he let it grow to such a length, replied, "It is that having my white beard continually before my eyes I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, March* 1, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.		Exports.
Week ending Feb. 27, 1858	$2,111,474	...	$914,757
Corresponding week, 1857	5,505,238	...	1,619,308
Decrease	$3,393,764	...	$694,551

Money grows, if possible, easier and easier. First-class brokers are obtaining it at 4 per cent., and the Banks are much embarrassed to use their surplus. The California steamer arrived yesterday with $1,640,429, which, considering that the direct export of the week only slightly exceeded $125,000, will probably swell the aggregate in the Banks to thirty-three millions.

The advices from Europe point to an accumulation of specie there also. The Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to 3 per cent., and the Bank of France and its branches report a gain of thirty-two millions in specie during the month.

Trade has not yet begun to feel the effect of the ease in the money market. Stocks, which were depressed during the early part of the week, recovered on Saturday; the market closed very buoyant and animated. It is the opinion of the street that the best dividend paying securities and State stocks will rule much higher before the summer is over.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, March* 1, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week were less active for Breadstuffs, of which, however, the receipts were limited, and prices did not vary much, though toward the close Flour tended downward....Cotton was more sought after, and it advanced ⅛ @ ¼ c. per pound....Coffee has been less freely dealt in at languid rates....Sugars and Molasses have been in moderate demand at old figures....Teas attracted considerable attention at rising prices....Rice was brisk and buoyant....Provisions were unsettled. Hog Products arrived more freely, and decreased in value, yet closed tamely. Other articles were in good request at advancing rates....Fish were more sought after at firmer quotations....Hay, Hops, and Tobacco were moderately dealt in at unchanged figures....Raisins were active and dearer....Hides and Leather were in lively demand at improved prices....Naval Stores were freely inquired for at firmer rates, though closing quietly, and in the case of Spirits Turpentine, heavily....Oils, Seeds, and Wool were quiet at about former quotations....The demand for Dry Goods has been more regular, and more satisfactory, especially from country dealers, during the past week, and prices of most kinds of Staple Goods have been pretty well maintained, while Cotton fabrics have favored factors. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,208,230 against $2,265,491 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $8,424,346 against $22,893,087 same time in 1857....The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 20	@	$4 60
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 20	@	4 60
Extra Western Flour, per barrel.......	4 40	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 40	@	7 00
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel..	4 30	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 75	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel..................	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel.............	1 10	@	1 42½
Red Wheat, per bushel	96	@	1 22½
New Crop Corn, per bushel	66	@	71
Rye, per bushel	68	@	72
Barley, per bushel......................	65	@	76
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46½
State Oats, per bushel..................	44	@	46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	35	@	40
Southern Oats, per bushel.............	28	@	35
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel..................	16 35	@	16 50
Prime Pork, per barrel.................	13 00	@	13 10
Country Mess Beef, per barrel.........	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	6 75	@	8 00
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce...........	21 00	@	25 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	18 00	@	18 50
Cut Meats, per pound..................	6½	@	8¼
Lard, per pound.........................	9¼	@	9½
State Butter, per pound.................	15	@	25
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	17
Cheese, per pound.......................	6½	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds....................	3 00	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound..................	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4½	@	6½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon.............	20	@	23
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5	@	7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	27	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound................	28	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	22	@	22½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds..............	55	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound.........	4½	@	9
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound.........	6½	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.........	9	@	35
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	32
Dry Cod, per hundred weight	3 25	@	3 62½
Mass. Mackerel, No. 1, small, per barrel	10 25	@	10 37½
" " No. 2, large, "	8 75	@	9 25
" " No. 3, medium, "	8 00	@	—
Bunch Raisins, per box................	2 60	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds....	3 75	@	3 87½
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	—	@	46
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 47½	@	1 50

Freights were quite depressed, and rates favored shippers. For Liverpool, Cotton, 1-8d. @ 3-16d. per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Pork, 2s. 6d. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 17s. 6d. @ 20s. per ton. For other ports proportionate figures. The number of vessels, of all classes, in port on Saturday was 583.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat more firm for Beeves, but closed heavily at about the previous week's quotations. The supply was of a good average quality. The finer kinds are now most in demand as most of those who buy the coarser meats are observing the abstinence peculiar to Lent....Milch Cows were attracting more attention at firmer rates....Veal Calves were in fair supply and moderate request at unchanged figures....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant and were pretty actively inquired for at firmer prices....Swine arrived, and were purchased freely at slightly improved quotations, but they close heavily....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *Feb.* 17.	Week ending *Feb.* 24.
Beeves......................	3,030	2,657
Milch Cows	172	114
Veal Calves.................	411	393
Sheep and Lambs	6,602	5,314

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Ohio..............	715	Indiana.............	79
New York..........	561	Pennsylvania	37
Illinois.............	454	Michigan	31

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound..	$ 7½	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head...........	3 00	@	6 00
" " per pound..........	9	@	12
Live Swine, per pound................	5¼	@	6¼
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets have been less freely supplied during the week with the leading kinds of produce, and though the demand has not been active, prices have favored sellers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$3 00	@	$6 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	5½	@	7½
Peaches, dried, per pound	17	@	19
Plums, dried, per pound.............	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 25	@	2 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 50	@	2 00
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 12
Cranberries, per barrel..............	10 00	@	14 00
Potatoes, per barrel.................	2 00	@	4 00
" per bushel..................	1 00	@	1 10
" sweet, per barrel...........	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	1 50	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel..................	50	@	62
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	—
Cabbages, per 100....................	5 00	@	6 00
" Red, per dozen	1 25	@	1 75
Parsnips, per barrel	1 12	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel..................	1 12½	@	1 25
Leeks, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	1 50
Garlic, per 100.......................	5 00	@	—
Eggs, Limed, per dozen...............	11	@	12
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	17	@	17½
Chickens, per pound..................	12	@	14
Fowls, per pound.....................	10	@	14
Guinea Fowl, per pair................	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	16	@	20
" per pair	75	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound...................	12	@	16
Geese, per pound......................	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair................	1 25	@	1 50
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen.....................	5 00	@	5 50
Roasting Pigs........................	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each.........................	18	@	25
Hares, each...........................	37	@	50
Squirrels, each	5	@	8
Venison, per pound	11	@	15

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